The Saturday Evening Post

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers. No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1868. | Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 5 Cents. | Whole Number Issued, 2448.

Our Father Who Art in Heaven.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Art Thou my Father—then no more
My sins shall tempt me to despair;
My Father pities and forgives,
And hears a child's repentant prayer.

Art Thou my Father—let me strive
With all my power to learn Thy will,
To make Thy service all my care,
And all Thy wise commands fulfil.

Art Thou my Father—teach my heart
Compassion for another's woe;
And ever to each child of Thine
A brother's tenderness to show.

Art Thou my Father—then I know
When pain or want or griefs oppress,
They come but from a Father's hand,
Which wounds to heal, afflicts to bless.

Art Thou my Father—then in doubt
And darkness when I grope my way,
Thy light shall shine upon my path,
And make my darkness like Thy day.

Art Thou my Father—then no more
Tremble my soul at death's alarms;
He comes a messenger of love
To bear me to a Father's arms.

THE PLANTER PIRATE.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER VIII.—(*Continued.*)

When I heard the report of the gun, and saw its effect, my first impulse was to proceed towards the incautious sportsman, and reproach him for his carelessness. But I could not tell who it was.

In no very amiable humor I looked around, but found no one upon which to discharge my spleen.

Guns were cracking in other parts of the wood; and I could see men moving about at the ends of long vistas, but not the man who had come so near shooting me!

It was altogether an odd circumstance, and I stopped to reflect upon it.

Was it carelessness on the part of one of my fellow-sportsmen, or was it design?

I felt a growing desire to identify him, for the longer I reflected the more I became convinced that the shot had not been accidental. "The bullet?" thought I; "perhaps that may serve my purpose." I returned to the tree in which it had buried itself, and, with my knife, carefully scooped it out of the bark.

It was of an unusual size for a hunting rifle—about twenty to the pound. This would, no doubt, guide me to the gun from which it had been discharged. Though the sportsmen were scattered through the woods, I took occasion to place myself in contact, first with one and then the other, until I had got a glance of the calibre of their respective guns. There were five of them, exclusive of Mr. Bradley.

Of these, only two had rifles, both small bores, not larger than fifty to the pound.

From Bradley's rifle then had issued the bullet I had extracted from the tree; and I now felt convinced that my own person was the *pigeon* at which it had been fired.

However, I thought it prudent to keep my suspicions to myself, or communicate them only to my host on returning home.

Meanwhile I determined to make myself better acquainted with the bore of Mr. Bradley's rifle, and watch the direction in which it should be aimed. To do this, it would be necessary to keep my eye upon him.

I now discovered that he was missing from among the sportsmen, nor was his gun any longer heard cracking through the woods.

Some one remarked this; and some one else added that it was not strange, as Nat Bradley cared nothing about shooting, and had very likely gone home.

CHAPTER IX.

REJECTED.

It is difficult to describe the thoughts at that moment passing through my mind. I can well remember them as being black and bitter, and I connected his disappearance with Cornelia Woodley.

I did not need to hear that he had gone back to the house. It was but the echo of my own instinct the moment he was missed from the sporting party.

Miss Woodley would be alone. It was no wonder he should seek such an opportunity.

Without communicating my intentions to any one, I strayed from the ridge, and towards the plantation house.

Close to the house of Henry Woodley there was a clump of low timber, that might have been likened to an orchard.

There was a set of "bars" separating it from the woods behind; most of these were down as we had left them in going out.

I had stepped silently over, and was proceeding on towards the house, when voices heard in conversation caused me to come to a stop. There were two of them—both easily recognized.

The first I heard was that of Nat Bradley, loud enough for me to make out the words, as also to tell to whom they were addressed.

"BY HEAVENS! YOU SHALL NEVER BE ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE," CRIED NAT BRADLEY.

I was too much interested in what was being said to feel either shame or reluctance at playing the eavesdropper.

"You've made up your mind to this?"

I was not in time to catch the beginning of the speech, which appeared to be in the form of an interrogation.

The answer proved it to have been one.

"I have," was the reply, in a female voice—that of Miss Woodley.

"I suppose you think I'm not rich enough. You intend to marry some grand fellow, with a fortune, who can show you off. That's why you refuse me."

"Permit me to tell you, Mr. Nat Bradley, it has nothing to do with my refusing you."

"Come, Corneel, speak the truth! If it be only that, I can promise you that I too—"

"You need not make promises; I have spoken the truth; and, once for all, I tell you that it is no use your asking me again. I have said it once before; I now say it again—I can *never be your wife!*"

There was an emphasis on the words that particularly pleased me.

A pause followed, and then the response come in an accent half agonized, half angry.

"You won't, Corneel? you won't? Be it so. Then, by Heaven! you'll never be the wife of another man, or, if you are, it will only be to become his widow! I swear by the Eternal One that, if it cost me my life, I'll kill the man that marries you! yes, the very day he makes you his bride. So now you may choose for yourself, either to be my wife or some accursed fool's widow. If I thought it was this fledgeless puppy that's staying with you, I wouldn't let it go that far. No, by heaven! I'd put an end to him before that sun should set—I'd—"

"Nat Bradley!" broke in the voice of the indignant girl, "do you think I will listen to such speech as you are addressing to me? You forget yourself, sir, or you forget me. Let me hear no more of it, or my brother shall be told of the liberty you are pleased to take in his absence."

To this speech I could hear no rejoinder, but instead a rustling of female dress, and the sound of light footsteps passing away.

I could not restrain myself now from stepping round the tree, that had hitherto concealed the speakers from my sight, and confronting Nat Bradley.

Had I been my own ghost he could not have shown more surprise.

"Mr. Bradley," I said, "will you have the goodness to let me look at your gun?"

"My gun!" he replied, with an air of assumed surprise. "Oh, certainly; but why do you wish to see it?"

"Because I have a bullet here that passed within less than an inch of my skull. I'm curious to know who came so near shooting me, by accident!"

"My God! I hope it wasn't me!"

"Well," I replied, after placing the bullet to the muzzle of his rifle, and satisfying myself that it had come from no other, "I can only say it was *you* who fired the shot; and let me caution you, the next time you go pigeon-shooting, to stick to the feathered game, and not select a 'fledgeless puppy' for your mark. I hope you understand me?"

Without waiting for an answer, I turned upon the path, and once more stepping over the bar went back towards the beech woods.

On our return to the house, we found Miss Woodley alone.

"Where is Mr. Bradley?" her brother inquired.

He had been there, but had taken his horse, and was gone.

Henry thought this nothing strange.

He was an odd sort of fellow, was Nat Bradley, and did queer things sometimes.

I was not surprised at his unexplained departure. After that interview with the mistress of the mansion, he would not be likely soon to show himself there again.

There was little said about it, and I could see that Miss Woodley had no suspicion of my having overheard what had passed between her and her rejected suitor.

CHAPTER X.

A SURLY SKIPPER.

The grand bear "battue" came off, and I participated in the sport. I enjoyed it all the more that Nat Bradley was not one of the hunters.

Had he been so, I might have been mistaken for a bear, and got a bullet through my body.

For a time I saw nothing more of him, as he did not come near the house. There were letters, however, received by my host, which I fancied were from him. I thought so from having caught sight of the messenger who carried them. He was the negro who had brought back the horse.

After reading them my host appeared suddenly affected with low spirits.

I could guess the nature of the correspondence. No doubt it related to the gambling debt, of which the creditor was now spitefully claiming payment. I was happy in thinking it was no worse.

For myself, I was no longer unhappy, except at the thought of parting from that pleasant companionship, to which chance had introduced me.

A change had come over my sentiments. So far from seeking an excuse for hurrying away, I was now thinking of one, by which I might gracefully prolong my stay.

A somewhat singular one suggested itself. I became suddenly seized with the fancy to make a voyage upon a flat-boat! In this way I could complete the journey I had undertaken. I could glide down to New Orleans, leaving my horse to be sent by steamer.

I knew that the cotton boat was coming down from Tennessee, and was to call at the plantation landing.

There was still a week or two before it could be expected; and if I insisted on carrying out my caprice, I could take passage upon that.

Such was my scheme.

It succeeded; and I found a plan for prolonging that intercourse, too pleasant to be easily interrupted.

* * * * * * * *

Another week elapsed—it seemed only a day—and the Tennessee flat was reported at the landing. I could have wished it upon a snag, a hundred miles up stream.

There was no help for it. The time had come for taking departure.

* * * * * * * *

The peltries of the hunting planter were sent aboard along with my own traps, these consisting of a spare suit of clothes, my chase trophies, collected during my stay, and a stock of comestibles to serve me during a three days' river voyage.

Bidding an adieu to Miss Woodley, which was not designed to be the last, I walked towards the landing, my late host going along with me.

On reaching the river bank, we found the crew of the flat, engaged in getting the peltries aboard.

I was a little surprised, and more than a little chagrined, to discover that the captain of the craft was no other than Mr. Black, her builder, whose uncivil behavior in Tennessee had caused me an unpleasant reminiscence. Stinger, too, was there, acting as his mate; the hands, four in number, being negroes from Squire Woodley's plantation.

The discovery caused me to repent of my design.

It was too late, however, to recede, though I was not long in discovering that the captain of the craft would have been delighted by my doing so.

Everything had been got aboard, the packages of skins, with the large case, containing the souvenirs of my hunting achievements; but my personal luggage and the provision hamper still rested on the shore, presided over by the plantation darkey, who had conveyed them to the landing.

The crew of the flat appeared to take no notice of these last, but were standing as if ready to draw in the plank.

"Mr. Black—I believe that is your name!" said my host, "I've brought you a passenger. I hope you'll contrive to make him comfortable on the voyage."

"A passenger!" exclaimed the man, "thar ain't no room for a passenger, Mr. Woodley."

"Oh, nonsense! You must *make* room."

"The bit o' caboose we hev, air arready crowded. Thar's me and Mr. Stinger in't; an thar's hardly room among the bales for the niggers to stretch 'emselves."

"You can roll two or three of the bales out upon the roof. You haven't far to take them now. By spreading a bit of tarpaulin over them, they'll get no harm."

"We hav'n't got no tarpaulin—ne'er a rag."

"Have some of my skins then. They will do admirably?"

This proposal placed the captain of the flat in a dilemma. It was evident he did not wish me to proceed in his company, while, at the same time, he was at a loss for some reasonable objection.

What was causing his reluctance, I could not guess, neither could the planter, who, at first surprised, soon became indignant.

"Come, Mr. Black," he said, "this boat is my father's property, and, therefore, in some sense, mine. My friend has expressed a wish to go down upon it, and I have given him a promise he shall. I must, therefore, insist upon your making the arrangements I propose, and taking him. Set your men to work, and roll two or three cotton bales out on the roof."

To this Mr. Black replied, "that the cotton would get spoiled, and that he'd be in trouble with the broker to whom it was consigned."

"I'll be answerable for that," was the response of the young planter.

Since I had been his guest, I had not seen Henry Woodley in such a temper.

As his blood was up, I could see it would be of no use my proposing to stay behind, nor indeed did I intend doing so.

I was quite as indignant of the interruption as my friend, perhaps more determined that it should not stay me; and had the captain of the flat-boat held out any longer, he would have heard a little bit of my mind.

As it was, he reluctanly yielded to the remonstrances already made to him, and consented to receiving me as a passenger.

It was now discovered that there would be sleeping room enough, without disturbing the cotton bales; and my traps were taken aboard and carried into the "cabin."

An apology for what had happened, on the part of the young planter—a promise on my part to revisit him in the spring—a hearty hand shake between us, and I was afloat upon the "father of waters," passenger in a "flat!"

CHAPTER XI.

UNSOCIABLE COMPANIONS.

Slow as was our progress, it was made slower by the eccentric action of our steersman, who for the first six hours was the second officer of the boat, Mr. Stinger.

Instead of keeping her in the current, he appeared desirous of shunning it, now hugging one shore, now shooting across, and holding for a time to the other.

About five miles below the plantation we had left he brought too against the bank, Black leaping ashore, and making the hawser fast around a tree.

There was no appearance of a landing, nor settlement of any kind. Nothing but the wild woods.

After a whispered communication with the steersman, but without a word to me, the captain of the craft disappeared among the palmettoes, leaving his crew to the tender mercies of the musquitoes.

He was absent about two hours. When he returned, and the flat was once more set free, the steersman resumed his old style of seesawing from side to side, and keeping carefully out of the current.

All through the afternoon the zigzagging continued; and I think we must have crossed and recrossed about a score of times.

It seemed a slow way of carrying Squire Woodley's cotton crop to its destination.

At the rate we were progressing, it would be mid-winter before our craft touched the levee of New Orleans!

When the sun set, we were not ten miles below the place of my embarkation. I conjectured this, from not having seen the island where I had shot the eagle, though it was possible we might have passed it without my recognizing it.

During the daylight, I had contrived to kill time with my gun. Water fowl were continually flashing up before the boat, or land-birds flying across the river; and I amused myself by shooting them.

When night came on, I could not continue it; and I was forced to think of some other resources for destroying time.

There was no other; conversation with such a crew was out of the question, and I was without book, even if it had been possible to read them by the light of a dull tallow dip that burned in the hole, called "caboose."

I could not endure to stay in this noisome hole, in the company of four chattering negroes, who, for some reason, had been ordered to remain below. The two white men kept to the roof, and thither I repaired, intending to spend, at least a portion of the night in the open air.

Though the day had been one of the hottest, it was now cool enough for heavy covering—the chill air from the swamps sweeping along the surface of the stream.

Unpacking my cloak, I threw it over my shoulders, and closed the clasp. There was sufficient breeze to make this precaution necessary. Then igniting a cigar, I commenced pacing to and fro over the rounded roof of the ark.

I soon discovered there was not much comfort in this.

The night was dark, the planking uneven, and I was in danger of stumbling overboard.

I stopped; and taking stand near the edge, bent my eyes over the broad stream, watching the fire-flies as they flitted, like sparks, along the wooded shore, whose outlines I could barely trace through the darkness.

For a time I found distraction for my thoughts, in listening to the many voices of nature sonorous around me.

There were no human sounds to hinder me from hearing them. The four negroes were below, and the two white men upon the deck were silent as spectres. I could see them standing together by the shaft of the long steering oar, which, resting upon its pivot, traversed the boat longitudinally, reaching almost from stem to stern. They appeared to converse, but in a tone so low I could not hear what they were saying.

I had placed myself as far as possible from them, having no wish to court the companionship of such an unsocial couple.

Though carried on in whispers I noticed that their conversation was of an earnest kind. I could tell this by their attitudes. Was it about me?

Despite the obscurity that surrounded them, I could see that their faces were turned towards me. I knew they were chafed at my having come aboard against their will, though for what reason I was still unable to guess.

I expected nothing more. It seemed too ridiculous to apprehend danger.

And yet at that moment something of the kind stole into my thoughts. I had heard enough of these Mississippi boatmen to believe them capable of anything, even of committing murder.

But why should these men murder me?

My baggage was not big enough, and they had no reason to believe I carried money upon my person in sums sufficient to tempt them to such a crime. Besides, there were the negroes—Squire Woodley's own slaves. Such an attempt could not be made without them knowing of it.

The thought was preposterous, and I dismissed it from my mind as soon as conceived.

And still I could not make out why the two were talking so earnestly. Their gestures, too, I could just make out through the dim light admonished me that some strange circumstance was being discussed between them.

It could not be the guiding of the boat. Ever since nightfall they had ceased "quartering" the stream. The steering now was at rest, and the flat was gliding smoothly on, at the rate of four miles to the hour—the current at this place being unusually rapid. It could not be that.

By this time my cigar had nearly burnt out. Groping for another, I discovered that I had left my case in the cabin. In going to get it I passed close to where the two men were standing. Black had hold of the oar handle, while Stinger was lounging at his elbow.

I had the cigar stump still in my teeth, the remains of a good Havana, with a red coal at the end of it.

I was curious to have a look at the fellows, and passing close to them I increased the luminosity of the cigar by giving it a strong puff or two.

Never had such a faint light shown upon two more ill-favored faces. Both appeared disturbed by some passion of a criminal kind, and could I have imagined of any motive for them murdering me, I might have believed at that moment that such was their intention!

CHAPTER XII.

A MAN OVERBOARD!

On descending into the "caboose," I found the four negroes stretched out and snoring.

They had worked hard at the steering-oar while making those eccentric traverses, which even they did not understand.

Poor wretches! Had they known what was in store for them, they would not have gone to sleep—even fatigue could not have overcome them.

The dip was burning dimly, and by its feeble light I had some difficulty in finding my cigar-case.

I laid my hands upon it at length, and drawing forth a fresh weed, kindled it at the cumulus of smoking wick.

For a moment I hesitated as to whether I should return to the roof, or take my seat upon a chest that formed part of the furniture of the cabin.

The stench decided me. The odor of greasy cooking utensils, combined with that emanating from the shirts of four sweating Africans, was too powerful to be put down by the perfume of the best Havana, and I preferred returning to the roof.

As I ascended the steps I heard a scrambling above me, as if the two men were struggling with the steering-oar.

I couldn't guess what it meant, and was all the more surprised at seeing them, as soon as the darkness permitted, exactly on the same spot where I had left them—Black was still grasping the handle of the oar, Stinger standing at his elbow.

I was about passing on to the stern, and had got between them and the beam, when I heard the former exclaim,

"The devil! we'll be on a snag!"

At the same instant I saw him rush towards me, pressing the oar in front of him.

Before I could get out of the way, the huge piece of timber struck me in the ribs, and but that I had caught hold of it, I should have been precipitated into the water.

My hold did not avail me, nor was it the intention of that ruffian steersman that it should.

"Let go!" he cried, "let go, curse you! or ye'll have us on the snag!"

As he spoke, I saw his right hand raised from the oar, and then descend towards me.

By the light of my cigar, still between my teeth, I saw the gleaming of steel.

At the same time I felt a stinging sensation in my shoulder, the arm seemed suddenly to become paralyzed, my grasp became relaxed, and I fell back downward into the river!

For a second or two my cloak sustained me, but before I could turn upon my face, and strike out to swim, the huge ark swept over, sending me far below the surface.

A loud drumming came in my ears, and then a choking sensation in my throat—the sensation of drowning!

I came again to the surface, but without any clear idea of where I was, or what had happened me.

It appeared like a horrible dream, from which I was not yet awakened.

Soon my senses returned, and I remembered having fallen from the flat, and then that I had been pushed from it, and then how I had struggled to save myself from going over, and then why I had not succeeded.

During this process of thought I was kept above water, less by my own efforts than by the cloak that covered my shoulders, and the rapid current that carried me along. But for these, I might have gone back to the bottom, never more to rise.

On attempting to swim I found that my right arm was of no use to me.

I looked around for the flat, though without any design to recover footing upon it. It was no longer near me, nor in sight.

Carried swiftly on by the current, it had disappeared in the darkness.

I did not shout to make known my situation. I had sufficiently recovered my senses to know that on board the boat there might be as much danger to me as in the water. Perhaps more, and I preferred trusting to the stream.

Working the cloak to the right side, so as to leave my left arm free, I struck out with it; not to swim, but simply to keep my head above water. In this way I glided on with the current.

I could not have kept long afloat. I felt I was each moment growing feebler; and with the utmost difficulty could save myself from sinking.

The surging current carried me along; but not towards the bank. I saw no bank. For that matter I might as well have been in the middle of the ocean.

Even had the shore been in sight I could have done nothing to approach it. I could have made no effort, beyond that I was making—just sufficient to sustain myself on the surface.

I should soon sink. I began to feel certain of it—to contemplate it with a sort of resignation.

Quicker than the changes of a kaleidoscope, the scenes of past life came before me—father, mother, sisters, and brothers, were all at that moment remembered; and *she*, whom I had lately left. Oh! it was agony to think I should never see her again.

While giving way to this despairing thought, something touched me from behind. I felt some hard substance pressing against my leg. It caused a thrill through my flesh, for it was a contact unexplained and unnatural. I could think only of one thing—the snout of an alligator.

I knew that I was now in that part of the Mississippi where this hideous saurian held his midnight revels.

Instinctively I increased my speed, but to no purpose. The bony proboscis still rubbed against my thigh.

In another moment I should feel the huge jaws, harshly closing upon and crushing it like a *reed!*

With an effort, I turned round to meet the monster face to face. In this way I preferred perishing.

In another moment, I lay with my left arm lapped around it, embracing it as I might have done my dearest friend.

What I had mistaken for an ugly alligator, was a floating tree trunk; like myself, rudely flung upon the flood, but with a buoyancy far surpassing mine.

The log proved light enough to sustain, not only itself, but faint sinking me, and straddling it longitudinally, I gave myself up to the current with a gratitude to God, whose hand I could not help thinking had been stretched out to preserve me!

At first I supposed myself drifting down stream, but as my senses became clearer, I perceived that this was not the case; although the log bobbed about as I stirred upon it, I now saw that it was close to the bank, and held as if by a hawser.

I soon recognized the spot. It was the same where I had made landing from the skiff while eagle shooting at the island.

There was the huge fallen cypress, with its roots upon the bank, and trunk slanting down into the river.

The skirt of my cloak, trailing upon the water, had caught in a snag of the cypress, and held fast. As the garment was also hooked to the log on which I lay, the latter had been arrested in its course, and turned round under the shelter of the tree, where the current ceased to act upon it.

Gently hauling upon the hawser of soaked broad-cloth, I succeeded in grasping one of the branches of the cypress, and drawing the log close to its trunk, I was able to crawl from one to the other.

Scrambling along the slanting trunk, I got to the level of the bank and then dropped off.

Then I staggered a step or two through the palmettoes, and fell prostrate to the earth, little dreaming of the terrible things that would be revealed to me through that second visit to the island.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Great American Desert.

In our youthful days we can vividly remember how our maps and geographies indicated pretty much all of the country embraced between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains to be a great waste, inhabited only by wild animals and Indians. Over the face of this area the startling word "unexplored" was associated with the still more repellant expression, "The Great American Desert." There were delicate little engravings here and there of groups of red men and herds of buffalo, but no word or sign to indicate any probability of future occupancy or development. From that day to this, however, the boundaries of this "Great Desert" have been rapidly contracting, until now it is difficult to discover a trace of any actual "Desert," according to the proper definition of the true. True, we have leagues of land between the Missouri and the mountains which may not be susceptible of the highest degree of cultivation, but for general agriculture and stock raising purposes, we do not believe that there is any tract of sufficient extent to call for the expression of a single regret. In fact, the word "desert" has no meaning on our grand Western plains. It is safe, says a writer, to predict that this same Great American Desert is really the most valuable, and will ere long become the most productive portion of the United States. During the month of March there was shipped from Nevada $10,018,977.67 in specie. This is the shipment for one month alone, and from a state which ten years ago was almost entirely uninhabited, and which formed a part of the Great Desert.

Josephine.

There is a droll Napoleonic anecdote related by M. d'Haussonville in a work just printed. Napoleon and Josephine were dining alone, when the Emperor informed her of his resolution to put her away. Josephine of course fainted—a female manœuvre which alarmed his majesty, who immediately summoned assistance in the shape of Chamberlain De Bausset. As the Empress continued inanimate, Napoleon, wishing to avoid a scene in the palace, asked M. De Bausset if he were strong enough to carry the Empress into her apartments by a back staircase. The Chamberlain replied in the affirmative, and took the Empress in his arms; the Emperor went first, descending backward, and holding Josephine's feet. When half-way down, M. De Bausset's sword got between his legs, and he clutched his precious burden tighter while recovering himself. Great was his surprise when the Empress whispered: "Take care, sir; you are squeezing me too tight." As Pius VII. ejaculated, Comedia! Comedia!

THE FAMILY NEWSPAPER.—Dr. Franklin remarks that a man as often gets two dollars for the one he spends in forming his mind, as he does for a dollar he lays out in any other way. A man eats a pound of sugar and it is gone, and the pleasure he has enjoyed is ended, but the information he gets from a newspaper is treasured up to be enjoyed anew, and to be used whenever occasion or inclination calls for it. A newspaper is not the wisdom of one man or two men; it is the wisdom of the age, and of past ages too. A family without a newspaper is always a year behind the times in general information; besides they can never think much nor find much to talk about. And then there are the little ones growing up without any taste for reading. Who, then, would be without a newspaper—and who would read one regularly without paying for it?

☞ Foreign politics are even more singular than the political events of our own country. At a recent fete in Pesth, the Emperor Francis Joseph sat at the table with a dozen persons who had been condemned to death by him some few years since.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 30 subscribers and $60—we will send Wheeler & Wilson's No. 2 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium list, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get a large Premium Steel Engraving.

Address
HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

The Death Shadow of The Poplars.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of this interesting story.

SYDNIE ADRIANCE;

OR, TRYING THE WORLD.

We began in THE POST of April 4th, the above novelet by Miss Douglas.

It is the story of a young girl's adventures in "trying the world," and we think will be perused with a great deal of interest.

It will probably run through from fifteen to twenty numbers of THE POST.

A NEW NOVELET.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

We began June 13th a new novelet by Capt. Mayne Reid, called "THE PLANTER PIRATE." It will be accompanied with engravings.

Will our friends and patrons through the country please call the attention of their acquaintances to this story? We will send THE POST *on trial* for six months for one dollar.

THE PRESIDENCY.

As a neutral journalist we have nothing to do with the success of political parties; but, in common with all other citizens, we have an interest in the elevation to office of able, honest and moderate men.

In the nominations of Gen. Grant and Mr. Colfax, it seems to us that the Republican party has manifested wisdom—made in fact the very best and most expedient nominations it could; and now we hope that the Democratic party will act equally wisely and judiciously—so that, whichever party is triumphant in the contest, the country shall not suffer, so far as the character of its chief ruler is concerned.

There is one name not often mentioned in this connection, which we should think would be worth the attention of the Democracy, and that is the name of Charles Francis Adams.

Mr. Adams, it seems to us, possesses qualities that would make him a safe and judicious President—while he would probably enlist the support of the Conservatives of the country in a greater degree than any other statesman whose principles would prove satisfactory to the bulk of the Democratic party.

With General Grant on the one side, and Charles Francis Adams on the other, we think that whichever party was successful, the defeated one might reconcile itself with some philosophy to its fate. The result of the Congressional elections however, in either case, will determine in a large degree the future policy of the country. For if the Republican party should hold its own in Congress, the policy of the last year will probably have to be acquiesced in by its opponents as "the voice of the people;" while, on the other hand, should a Democratic Congress be chosen, the Republicans of late have committed themselves so fully to the idea that Congress is to be regarded as the chief exponent of the national will, that it would be difficult for Gen. Grant, if elected, to pursue a policy widely different from that marked out by the House of Representatives.

But it is not our object to discuss politics and the chances of the election—but only to suggest the name of Mr. Adams for the consideration of the Democratic portion of our readers.

THE FENIANS.

We see it stated that there is some reason for the alarm of the Canadians relative to a Fenian invasion, as "eight tons of Fenian arms have been seized at St. Albans by the United States authorities, and are now on their way to New York."

Will some sensible Fenian inform us what justification there is for an invasion of Canada? Canada has had no part in wronging Ireland. Canada has not even a single representative in the British Parliament.

Canada stands towards England somewhat in the same relation that Ireland does—though Ireland has members of Parliament, and Canada has none.

But why should Canada, which never has injured Ireland in the least, be invaded, and her property plundered, and her citizens killed by the Fenians?

It seems to us one of the most wrong-headed and unjust measures that the Fenians could be guilty of. If they choose to attack England, that is one thing—but in attacking Canada, they are doing immense injury to a people who never injured them, in order to do a little injury to England.

Of course, as election time is drawing near, the papers of both the political parties will be as quiet as mice, no matter what foolish or unjust thing the Fenians attempt to do, from fear of losing the Irish vote. We trust however, that both President Johnson and General Grant are above such petty considerations; and that they will unite in preventing any unlawful expedition being set on foot against the Canadians, or any other people with whom we are at peace.

LIBERIA.

The Republic of Liberia is naturally desirous to take advantage of the abolition of slavery in the United States, by promoting the emigration of the negro race from America to Africa. Already about two thousand colored people in the Southern states, it is said, have applied to the Colonization Society for the means to reach their brethren in Liberia.

The proclamation of the President of Liberia is still in force, declaring "to the descendants of Africa throughout the West Indies, who may be desirous to return to their fatherland, and assist in building up an African Nationality," that the Government and people are anxious to welcome them to their shores; and that a grant "of twenty-five acres of fresh fertile land will be made by the Government to each family, and of ten acres to each single individual." We suppose that this proclamation would apply equally to the colored immigrants from the United States.

The Constitution of the Republic of Liberia declares that there shall be no slavery within the Republic, nor shall any citizen of the Republic, or any person resident therein, deal in slaves, either within or without the Republic, directly or indirectly.

All elections in Liberia are by ballot, and every male citizen of twenty-one years of age, possessing real estate, has the right of suffrage.

If the colored race possess a sufficient amount of ability, they certainly have the opportunity to build up in Liberia a great Nation, which would prove of inestimable benefit in introducing the principles of order and civilization into the vast African Continent. To do this however, the privileges of their citizenship should be rigorously restricted, or else they will soon be overwhelmed by the hordes of barbarism, instead of being able to discipline and refine those hordes by the example and influence of a superior civilization.

A sway somewhat similar to that of the English in Hindoostan, but improving on that in being willing and able to incorporate with itself all the nobler native elements as they should arise or be developed, would be probably the best thing for Central and Southern Africa. Any attempt to establish a powerful Republic in Liberia, based upon the sentimental and visionary humanitarian notions now so common, would simply end in a few years in the swallowing up of the civilized and Christian elements by the great maw of barbarism and heathendom.

EVE AND THE DEAD ABEL.—We would again call the attention of our readers to this beautiful and original piece of statuary. Do not fail to see it. It is on exhibition at Scott's Art Gallery, No. 1020 Chestnut Street.

NOTHING TO DO.

Miss Mollina McMorran was hearty and hale,
Yet she wished to be slender, languid and pale;
She defrauded her stomach of what was its due,
And cheated her muscles of exercise, too;
She dipped in the goblet her fingers so rare,
And wiped their pink ends with a delicate air—
Then crossed her white hands on her hoop-be-spread lap,
Too inert to converse and too vain for a nap;
For still 'twas her aim in attracting the view,
To convince all beholders she had nothing to do.

Miss Julia de Scamper was agile and bright,
Her step, like the Queen of the Fairies, was light,
So her feet for the sloth of her hands made amends,
And she took for her calling to call on her friends;
At all seasons and times she saluted their view—
Though they might be busy, she had nothing to do!
But plenty of small talk around her to fling;
So she babbled away, like a brooklet in spring,
Hanging up a slain hour as she went from the door;
Alas! for such trophies when time is no more.

Miss Celestia Fitz Mackerel would dawdle all day,
Over crochet, or worsted, or novel, or play;
She sorted her shades with an accurate eye,
But let her poor mother's wan features go by.
Who, worn half to death with family care,
Found nothing like help from her daughter and heir;
The getting of dinners, the toil and the stir
Of such vulgar pursuits were disgusting to her;
And thus to her nondescript creed she was true—
Her mother might fail, she had nothing to do.

Oh, young men, my masters, who dream with delight
Of a home of your own which no discord can blight;
With the roses of Eden, from fading exempt,
And Eve who no contraband apple can tempt;
Where the wheels of good order like clock-work shall move,
And children, well trained bring an ocean of love;
Where prudence with smiles of endearment shall glow,
And wealth, hand in hand with your happiness grow;—
I'd fain sound a trumpet to all to beware
Of quicksand beneath, though the outside be fair—
Avoid, like the Upas, which towers into view,
Those exquisite ladies who have nothing to do.

☞ "Housen" for houses, and "em" for them, are old Saxon forms. Thus, "I see em near the housen" is antiquated, rather than vulgar.

Large Families.

We are vastly mistaken if a much greater amount of happiness is not found in large families than in small ones. "The more the merrier" is an aphorism far more justly applicable to domestic than to social life. Theoretically, one would scarcely expect that a number of entire or comparative strangers would be made more friendly or genial simply by being multiplied; and experience fully corroborates this negative expectation. We all know, to our cost, how a big dinner means, not only a bad dinner, but a dull dinner; and in comparing one's reminiscences of the amount of pleasure derived respectively from a crowded ball in London and a little dance got up on the spur of the moment in a country-house, one would not hesitate for a moment to award the palm to the latter. But society and the family are two very different things, and stand upon quite distinct footings. It is not often that families are so outrageously large that their number violates the conditions of an agreeable dinner-party, or that they must positively be sent to supper in consecutive batches. We are not considering such extreme cases as that of the Contessa Frescobaldi, whose full-length portrait may be seen, both in the family palace of that name in Florence, and in the Villa of San Donato, belonging to Prince Demidoff, about a couple of miles out of the Beautiful City. An inscription at the foot of the frame, gravely—though usually with the result of upsetting gravity—informs people that this worthy lady, according to Napoleon's definition, the greatest we should think that ever existed, had no less that fifty-two children. This is an exceptional case, with which we refuse to have anything to do, being happy to think that another such a great woman as that can be produced upon the face of the earth, like Shakspeare, only after the lapse of aeons. An Irish lady, whose name is well-known, bade fair to rival the Florentine countess; but she ended by scoring only thirty-two, as against the fifty-two of her predecessor. But even her case is abnormal; and we will concede that even a Celtic heart might prove incapable of feeling real fraternal affection for his fifteenth brother or his sixteenth sister. *Est modus in rebus;* there is reason in the hatching no less than in the roasting of eggs. The only possible use to which we can conceive such a number of children as that being put, would be to make them take the place of the beads threaded on wire by means of which the youthful mind is sometimes indoctrinated in the awful mysteries of simple arithmetic, and thus subserve the purpose of completing each others' education. The rules of subtraction and division might thus economically and conveniently be inculcated in the bosom of the family; multiplication, it will probably be thought, having been sufficiently illustrated already. * * As for the children themselves, they hail each comer with delight, and their instincts do not in this instance lead them astray. The time comes when every fresh helpless mite added to the family becomes a stalwart playfellow. A large family is a host in itself. Its members are never dependent for amusements upon strangers. They are always numerous enough to be able to organize their own games. Winter or summer, it is the same. What can be more miserable than for two lads to have to play cricket without a long-stop, or to have to press some shrinking little sister, with her extended apron, into the service? She has to be coaxed, bribed, or bullied into the operation; and the cruel sport generally ends by a flood of tears on the part of the tiny female mercenary. Let there be but plenty of boys, and plenty of girls, and there can never be any lack of fun—masculine fun and feminine fun—astir. They quarrel, it will be said. Of course they do; and herein lies another tremendous advantage of a large family against a small one. Their interests are so many, and from moment to moment so various, they are everlastingly clashing. What better preparation could there be for life? They trash and are thrashed, snub and are snubbed, contradict and are contradicted, till it gets thoroughly well impressed on the mind of each one early in existence, that he is not the only individual in the world before whom everything must bow and give way. The domestic circle becomes thus a miniature public school, in which all its advantages are acquired.—*Imperial Review.*

Marriage Between Cousins.

Dr. Darwin's book on domesticated plants and animals does not support the prevailing notion that the union of near kin inevitably and speedily ruins the race, yet shows that the posterity are sooner or later ruined by it if long continued.

But a careful collector of statistics of marriages between blood relations, Dr. Bernies, of Kentucky, insists that "he has found ten per cent. of the deaf and dumb, five per cent. of the blind, and fifteen per cent. of the idiots admitted into the various charitable institutions of the United States, are the children of marriages of first cousins." Unions of this kind are prohibited in Kentucky and in some other states.

☞ A bill laid before Parliament by a number of gentlemen, including Mr. Mill, the philosopher, for legalising female rights, provides, among other things, that wives shall be capable "of contracting, *suing*, and *being sued*, as if they were *unmarried* women." Suing and being sued! Wives to have suitors as though they were spinsters still? Oh, naughty Mr. Mill!

☞ Tom Moore, who derived his pedigree from Noah, explained it in this manner:—"Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and one more."

☞ "Mother, where is the man going to sleep?" asked a little Arkansas girl of her mother, who had just promised a traveller a night's rest in their out-of-the-way hut. "I'll have to put him in with you and Kate, and Bet, and Jack, I suppose," she replied; "and if it's too crowded, one of you must turn in with me, and dad, and Dick, and Tommy, and the twins."

☞ A New York physician, formerly of New Orleans, says it is evident that animals understand two or three languages; mules in New Orleans know what is said to them in either French, English or Spanish.

☞ The latest and most surprising enterprise in France is a company organized with a capital of a million francs, to remodel and fit up a portion of the catacombs under Chaillot, to provide a fresh and delicious retreat during the season of tropical heat. There are to be squares, aquariums, a theatre, restaurants, halls, and all other accompaniments of a summer resort, and all under ground.

☞ The gentlest effort may put a wedding ring upon the finger; a thousand-horse-power may not suffice to pull it off.

The Mysterious Character in Whittier's "Snow Bound"—The Late Harriet Livermore—Interesting Recollections.

During the winter of 1866 no mail was received at the post-office in the quiet village of Amesbury, Mass., without containing letters seeking information from John G. Whittier concerning one of the characters in that beautiful New England idyl "Snow Bound." Indeed, much of the poet's time—for his circle of readers is constantly enlarging—has been consumed in answering the questions addressed to him in regard to

"Another guest, who that winter night
Flashed back from lustrous eyes the light.
Unmarked by time and yet not young,
The honeyed music of her tongue
And words of meekness scarcely told
A nature passionate and bold,
Strong, self-concentred, spurning guide,
Its milder features dwarfed beside
Her unbent will's majestic pride."

All the other characters of "Snow Bound" were real. The "gray-haired sire;" the mother who transmitted her own poetic nature and grand moral views to the boy; the uncle, "rich in lore of fields and brooks;" the aunt—

"The sweetest woman ever Fate
Perverse denied a household mate;"

the elder sister, who found rest

——"Beneath the low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings;"

the younger sister and household pet, whose dark eyes—

"Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise,"

the old school teacher (the late Joshua Coffin of Newburyport); the country doctor—all pass before us as real men and women, with whom we hold converse and have sympathy. But did not the poet let his imagination and fancy play when he described one of whom—

"A certain pard-like, treacherous grace
Swayed the lithe limbs and drooped the lash,
Lent the white teeth their dazzling flash?"

Was it not some ideal creature conjured up by Whittier's brain when he told how

"——From under low brows black with night,
Raged out at times a dangerous light;
The sharp heat lightnings of her face,
Presaging ill to him whom fate
Condemned to share her love or hate?"

The mystery is deepened as we read on about this

"——Woman, tropical, intense
In thought and act and soul and sense—
* * * * * *
Revealing with each freak or feint
The temper of Petruchio's Kate,
The raptures of Siena's saint."

Nor do we have any more light on the subject when we follow her to eastern skies, and see her amidst the tombs and shrines of Jerusalem,

"Or startling on her desert throne
The crazy Queen of Lebanon
With claims fantastic as her own;"

or when she watches

"The Lord's quick coming in the flesh,
Whereof she dreams and prophesies."

And yet this one upon whom the poet invokes "the Lord's sweet pity" was a character as real as any that stand out so clear and comprehensible in "Snow Bound."

Last week a few papers in Philadelphia had the brief announcement of the death of "Harriet Livermore, aged 81." Not many of the readers of the obituary notices that morning knew that Harriet Livermore was the original of the most powerful and deep-feeling lines of Whittier's "Snow Bound."

My home being near to Whittier's, I have often enjoyed the most pleasant conversations with the poet on literature and various other themes of the day; and once I asked him to give me some recollections of Harriet Livermore. From that conversation, and from the sketch of others who knew well the mysterious "guest," I obtained some facts in regard to her that may be of interest.

I could not learn much of Harriet Livermore's parents, as she was placed when quite young under her uncle, Judge Livermore, whom elderly persons in New Hampshire and Massachusetts will still remember. The girl early displayed great originality and independence of character. As her uncle was also a man of original ways of thinking, two such people under one roof were sometimes too many. It is said that being thwarted in an early love attachment (perhaps it was her uncle who thus thwarted her), she began to display eccentricities which attracted much attention. Several who remember her at their firesides, have told me that she was generally of a grave countenance, but that her wonderful conversation and her flashing eyes would command the silence, and rivet the closest attention of every one. Those who knew her think that Whittier has been most happy in catching the leading features of her portrait, and has presented the vagaries of her demeanor and her power most faithfully to the world, when he says:

"The warm, dark languish of her eyes,
Was never safe from wrath's surprise,
Brows saintly calm and lips devout
Knew every change of scowl and pout;
And the sweet voice had notes more high
And shrill for social battle cry."

At one time she adopted the garb of her sex in the Society of Friends, and often addressed them at their quarterly meetings; or in various towns and cities of New England she spoke on the second coming of Christ.

There was nothing vulgar about her, and she must not be confounded with those women whose names and voices in "social battle cry" have often been made known to the public by penny-a-liner clap-trap and literary quackery. Her whole bearing was that of a high-born lady who had no trifling themes. She was in deep, solemn earnest.

At length her friends missed her, and after many months they heard of her in Europe, and Asia and Africa.

"Since then, what old cathedral town
Has missed her pilgrim staff and gown?
What convent has held its lock
Against the challenge of her knock?"

At one time we find her in Egypt, giving our late Consul, Mr. Thayer, a world of trouble arising from her peculiar notions. At another time we see her amid the gray olive slopes of Jerusalem, demanding—not begging—money for the "Great King;" and once when an American, fresh from home during the late rebellion, offered her in Palestine a handful of greenbacks, she flung them back to him with disdain, saying:—"The Great King will only have gold!" At one time, years ago, she climbed the sides of Mount Libanus and visited Lady Hester Stanhope, that eccentric sister of the younger Pitt.

One day they went to the stables where Lady Hester had a magnificent collection of Arabian horses, for it is well known that Lady Hester, amongst her other oddities, married a Scheik of the mountains, and thus had a fine opportunity for securing the choicest steeds of the Orient. Lady Hester pointed to Harriet Livermore two very fine horses with peculiar marks, but differing from each other in color. "That one," said Lady Hester, "the Great King, when he comes, will ride, and the other I will ride in company with him." Thereupon, Harriet Livermore gave a most emphatic "No," and declared, with foreknowledge and *aplomb*, that "the Great King will ride this horse, and it is I who, as his bride, will, at his second coming, ride the other horse." It is said that she carried her point with Lady Hester, overpowering her with superior fluency and assertion. No wonder Whittier speaks of her as

"——startling on her desert throne
The crazy Queen of Lebanon,
With claims fantastic as her own."

Between two and three years ago she returned to America, and since that time has resided in Philadelphia. To the end of her life, though more impatient than when younger, she exhibited those qualities which Whittier has so well described. The poet throws the mantle of pity over her, and we all can join in the conclusion of his admirable sketch of Harriet Livermore:

"It is not ours to separate
The tangled skein of will and fate,
To show what metes and bounds should stand
Upon the soul's debatable land,
And between choice and Providence
Divide the circle of events.

But He who knows our frame, is just,
Merciful and compassionate;
And full of sweet assurances,
And hope for all the language is,
That He remembereth we are dust. F.

—*Evening Post.*

Maximum Growth of Cities.

The Builder asks a curious question: How long will London be habitable? The enormous town is increasing so rapidly as to threaten to seriously interfere with the comforts of its inhabitants. Already the prevalence of a southeast wind bears to the vicinity of the parks the dense canopy of smoke and the vitiated atmosphere of nine miles of buildings. As the circumference of the vast city is extended this evil is exaggerated with each annual addition to the space built over. The slight remains of vegetation are daily diminishing. More than 600,000,000 cubic feet of carbonic acid gas are expired in London in the course of twenty-four hours, by human beings alone. This is irrespective of smoke, of the gaseous products of combustion, and of all other sources whereby the air is vitiated. This quantity of carbonic acid renders twenty times its weight of atmospheric air unfit for the support of life. On a perfectly calm day, when the respiration of London hangs within the limits of the metropolitan districts, the polluted atmosphere, were it possible to press it down upon the streets, would fill the whole roadway to a depth of between eight and nine feet. This startling quantity of poisoned air London must exchange for fresh. As to smoke, it may be mentioned that on an average 14,000 tons of coal are daily consumed in the capital, a great portion of which is cast into the atmosphere in the partially volatilised form of smoke. The increasing difficulty of living in London during the summer becomes every year more oppressive, and there can be no question that the actual experiment of how large a city can be made, will not require many more years to solve.

Anecdote of a Highland Soldier.

No man who has ever lived among the peasantry of Scotland will deny the effects produced on them by their popular songs. During the expedition to Buenos Ayres, a Highland soldier, while a prisoner in the hands of the Spaniards, having formed an attachment to a woman of the country, and, charmed by the easy life which the tropical fertility of the soil enabled the inhabitants to lead, had resolved to remain and settle in South America. When he imparted this resolution to his comrade, the latter did not argue with him, but leading him to his tent, he placed him by his side and sang him "Lochaber no more." The spell was on him. The tears came in his eyes, and wrapping his plaid around him, he murmured, "Lochaber na mair—I mun gang back." The songs of his childhood were ringing in his ears, and he left that land of ease and plenty for the naked rocks and sterile valleys of Badenoch, where, at the close of a life of toil and hardship, he might lay his head on his mother's grave.

☞ George Rhea, an orphan boy of sixteen, who pleaded guilty to the larceny of $100, at Woodstock, Vt., has been sentenced to two years confinement in the State Prison. Tender-hearted Vermonters!

☞ The Christians represent but twenty-seven per cent. of the entire population of the globe.

☞ WEBSTER.—Daniel Webster stood two chances to be President of the United States—first, when the Whigs proposed to nominate him for Vice President with Harrison, in 1840; and second, when proffered the same honor on the ticket with Taylor, in 1848—both of which he peremptorily declined. Moral—If you are asked to accept the nomination for Vice President, accept it.

☞ In the Supreme Judicial Court at East Cambridge, Massachusetts, June 1st, Judge Hoar presiding, Eusebia S. Child was divorced from A. B. Child for joining a religious sect who believe the marriage relation void.

☞ As the Rev. Dr. Dwight once passed through a region of very poor land, he said to a farmer: "Sir, I perceive your land here is not very productive." "No, sir," said the honest farmer, "our land is just like self-righteousness." "Ah! how is that?" "Why, the more a man has of it, the poorer he is."

☞ The smallest and most expensive paper in the country is published in Bruce City, Idaho. It is not as large as an ordinary napkin, and sells for fifty cents per copy.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE LOCUSTS.—From morning till night the monotonous hum of these remarkable insects is heard in Eastern Pennsylvania. The note is entirely unlike that made by the ordinary locust, and much resembles the noise of a hive of bees when disturbed. We have not as yet heard of much damage being done to vegetation by their depredations. The female is the more destructive, as she kills the tender branches of the trees and shrubs by making an incision in them to deposit her eggs. Experiments have demonstrated that the seventeen-year locusts descend into the ground to a depth of from four to six feet. What they live on, or how they exist, in their self-made graves, or why they appear and disappear at such remote and regular intervals we believe has never been satisfactorily ascertained.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Returns of the local elections from thirty-one districts of South Carolina show that the Radicals have carried fifteen and the Democrats sixteen of those districts.

IDAHO.—The majority for Smith, Democrat, for Congress, in Idaho, is over 1,200. The Senate will stand 12 Democrats to 10 Republicans, and the Assembly 28 Democrats to 19 Republicans. The vote of the state is nearly 22,000, being the largest ever polled.

NEW ORLEANS.—Gen. Schofield, with the approval of General Grant, has sustained the action of General Buchanan in regard to the installation of the municipal officers at New Orleans. General Buchanan is advised, however, not to allow the Legislature to meet until Congress has admitted Louisiana.

THE GERMAN SÆNGERFEST.—The great German Sængerfest began in Chicago on the 17th inst. The singers were formally received by the Mayor, and there was a concert in the evening.

A JUDGE HAVING HIMSELF FINED.—A novel and anomalous case was tried in the Mayor's Court at Petersburg, Va., on Friday week. It appears that on the evening previous, the Mayor, whose name is Burgess, assaulted a man who had charged the Mayor with perjury in taking the iron-clad oath. For this breach of the peace the Mayor complained of himself in his own court, and invited three magistrates to sit on the trial. There was no witness but the Mayor, and on his own statement he was fined $10, and bound over in $250 to keep the peace for twelve months.

THE ROMAN CHURCH.—A general Council of the Catholic Church throughout the world is authoritatively announced to take place at Rome during the next, or the ensuing winter. This council, it is stated, will be deliberative in its character, and will be the first General Council of the Catholic Church that has been held since the famous Council of Trent. The objects of this Grand Council are said to be political rather than religious. Cardinal Manning, in England, asserts that the Church is to take ground, once for all, against the alleged infidel and revolutionary tendencies of the times, and interpose as a bulwark against anarchy and the dissolution of society.

TEXAS.—The Committee on Reconstruction who have now under consideration the bill to divide Texas into three states, voted on Wednesday to postpone the consideration of the subject until December 1st. On the request of Mr. Boutwell, however, the vote was reconsidered, and action on the bill postponed for two weeks. The Committee stand five for postponement and four against.

THE RITUALISTS.—It is stated that in England recently, one of Father Ignatius's "brothers" was tied to a fence and kept four days and nights sleeping on the ground, and with only a saucer before him to drink out of, doing penance for killing a swallow.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The recent votes on the question of the Irish Church, which resulted so unfavorably to the Ministry, have, it is believed, determined Disraeli to appeal to the people. The following is the programme which the Government has decided upon: Parliament will be dissolved in October, and writs will then be issued for elections, which will take place in November, and on December 9th the new Parliament will meet.

The appointment of Reverdy Johnson as Minister to Great Britain, vice Mr. Adams, resigned, is favorably commented upon by most of the London journals.

The American poet, Henry W. Longfellow, who arrived in England by the steamship Russia, on the 14th inst., has been the recipient of marked attention.

PRUSSIA.—Count von Bismarck has retired from the Prussian Ministry on leave of absence, an intention he has entertained for some time, owing to the impaired state of his health.

TURKEY.—The Sultan and his cabinet are maturing a plan to permit persons of foreign birth residing in Turkey to legally hold property, which right is to be guaranteed by treaties with the foreign powers.

CRETE.—Direct intelligence from Crete represents the war as still going on. There are still fifty thousand men in arms. Over seventy-five thousand women and children have left Crete for Greece, and some sixty-seven thousand women and children are living in caves, and subsisting at times, when supplies sent them from this country and England fail them, on roots and herbs. The soldiers are reduced to the smallest rations, six and a half pounds of flour being a month's allowance.

THE WAR IN PARAGUAY.—Advices by mail from Rio to May 9th, in reference to the war against Paraguay, give the particulars of Lopez's retreat to a point on the Tebicuari river, sixty miles north of Humaita. He was strongly entrenched at the mouth of the Tebicuari with an army of 10,000 men, and his scouting parties are making furious attacks on the allied army lying before Humaita. Lopez is making desperate efforts to repel the allies. Letters from Buenos Ayres assert that the loss of four-fifths of his original forces does not intimidate him, nor does it spread the desire to surrender among his people. They adhere to him, though they dress in skins and live on fruits, with fresh beef roasted at the camp fire, and their only drink is native tea, drank from native gourds. Pay is not thought of, as they work for their country. It is difficult to get at the merits of the quarrel.

☞ ANTS.—There is a kind of ant in Texas remarkable not only for keeping other ants in slavery, and employing them in public works for the benefit of the community at large, but also for sowing around their settlement the seeds of a small graminaceous plant, which they afterwards reap and store away in granaries constructed for the purpose.

The Electoral Vote.

The following are the votes to which each of the States is entitled in the Electoral College for President and Vice President:

STATES REPRESENTED.

California	5	Nebraska	3
Connecticut	6	Nevada	3
Delaware	3	New Hampshire	5
Illinois	16	New Jersey	7
Indiana	13	New York	33
Iowa	8	Ohio	21
Kansas	3	Oregon	3
Kentucky	11	Pennsylvania	26
Maine	7	Rhode Island	4
Maryland	7	Tennessee	10
Michigan	8	Vermont	5
Minnesota	4	West Virginia	5
Massachusetts	12	Wisconsin	8
Missouri	11		

States now represented.....247

STATES NOT REPRESENTED.

Alabama	8	Mississippi	7
Arkansas	5	North Carolina	9
Florida	3	South Carolina	6
Georgia	9	Texas	8
Louisiana	7	Virginia	10

States not represented.....70

247

Total votes.....317

Necessary to a choice.....159

How to Choose a Wife.

We venture to give the following recipe for the selection of a wife:—"A place for everything, and everything in its place," said an old man to his daughter. "Select not a wife, my son, who will ever step over a broomstick." The son was obedient to the lesson. "Now," said he, pleasantly on a May-day to one of his companions, "I appoint this broomstick to choose me a wife. The young lady who will not step over it shall have the offer of my hand." They passed from the splendid saloon to the grove. Some stumbled over the broomstick, others jumped over it. At length, a young lady stooped and put it in its place. The promise was fulfilled. She became the wife of an educated and wealthy young man; and he the husband of a prudent, industrious, and lovely wife. He brought a fortune to her, and she knew how to save one. It is not easy to decide which was under the greatest obligations. Both were rich, and each enriched the other.

A MODEL WILL.—The following is a copy of a will left by a man who chose to be his own lawyer:—

"This is the last will and testament of me, John Thomas. I give all my things to my relations, to be divided among them the best way they can.

"N. B.—If anybody kicks up a row, or makes any fuss about it, he isn't to have anything. Signed by me, John Thomas."

☞ A Chicagoan about to set out on his travels, and having his feet lighted by the lamp of experience, has procured a trunk encased in sheet-iron, on which his name appears in large letters, with a defiant "Throw and be ——."

☞ EPIGRAM.—One day, Moore, who had stolen a lock of hair from a lady's head, on being ordered by her to make restitution, caught up a pen and dashed off the following lines:

"On one sole condition, love, I might be led
With this beautiful ringlet to part;
I would gladly relinquish the *lock* of your head,
Could I gain but the *key* of your heart."

☞ A Westerner travelling in Italy was asked if he had seen St. Peter's. "Yes," he said, "I saw it once, and made up my mind we must have one of them in Chicago."

☞ English gossip puts Dickens's net profits in America at two hundred thousand dollars.

☞ The Chicago Illustrated News has been suspended after eight weeks' trial. The circulation had reached fifteen thousand, and the proprietor had exhausted a capital stated at $100,000.

☞ A citizen has procured from Paris a door-mat made of steel wire, with the word "Salve," (welcome) wrought in the centre. A visitor, overcome by curiosity, innocently asked the host what kind of salve he manufactured and advertised on his door-mat.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been dull. About 8000 bbls sold at $7,75@8.50 for superfine, $8,50@9,50 for extra, $9,75@11 for low grade and fancy northwest extra family, $10,50@11.50 for Penna extra family, $11@13 for Ohio extra family, and $12,50@14 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour sells at $9,25 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—There has been more doing in Wheat. About 15,000 bus sold at $2,65@2,75 for prime Penna and Western red, and $2,50@2,60 for fair to good do; 3000 bus of Kentucky white sold at $2,80@2,95 ₱ bus, according to quality. Rye—3000 bus of prime Penna sold at $1,60@1,65 Corn—30,000 bus of prime yellow sold at $1,19@1,15, and 37,000 bus of Western mixed at $1,11@1,14 ₱ bus. Oats—28,000 bus sold at 85@85c for Western, 85@87c for Penna, and 90@94c ₱ bus for light Delaware.

PROVISIONS—The market has been quiet. Sales of Mess Pork at $28,50@29, and prime at $24@24,50. City packed Mess Beef is selling at $27,50@28. Beef Hams sell at $37@40 ₱ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 19½@21c; Excelsior Hams at 22c; Sides at 16@18c, and Shoulders at 13½@14½c ₱ ℔. Green Meats—Sales of Pickled Hams at 17½@18c, and salt Shoulders at 12½c. Lard—Sales of 700 bbls, and tcs at 17½@18c ₱ ℔, and kegs at 19½c ₱ ℔. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 15@25c, and roll at 16@26c ₱ ℔, according to quality. Cheese is selling at 14@16c ₱ ℔. Eggs sell at 27@29c ₱ doz.

COTTON—About 1500 bales of Middlings sold, in lots, at 28@30c for Uplands, and 29@31c ₱ ℔ for New Orleans.

BARK—Sales of 30 hhds 1st No 1 Quercitron at $60 ₱ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of yellow at 48@50c ₱ ℔.

FEATHERS—Sales of common and choice Western are reported at 50@80c ₱ ℔.

FRUIT—Dried Apples are selling at 7@10c ₱ ℔. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 7½@8½c, and halves at 13½@14c ₱ ℔. Pared Peaches range at from 19@22c ₱ ℔. Green Apples sell at from $4@8c ₱ bbl.

HOPS—Sales of New York at 10@50c and Western at 25@55c ₱ ℔.

IRON—In Pig Iron there is more doing. Sales of Anthracite at $37@38 for No. 1; $25@26 for No. 2, and $32@34 ₱ ton for hard.

SEEDS—We quote Cloverseed at $5,50@6 for fair to prime Penna, and $6@6,50 ₱ bus for good to prime Western. Timothy—Sales at $2,50@2,75 ₱ bus, according to quality. Flaxseed sells on arrival at $2,85 ₱ bus.

TALLOW—Small sales are making at 11½@11¾c for city rendered, and 11½c ₱ ℔ for country.

WOOL—There has been more doing. Sales of 130,000 lbs at 51@55c for double extra; 50@51c for extra; 47@50c for fine; 47@48c for medium; 45c for coarse; 51@55c for tub, and 40@45c ₱ ℔ for pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices realized from 10½@11 cts ₱ ℔. 200 Cows brought from $40 to 60 ₱ head. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 5@6½ cts ₱ ℔. 3000 Hogs sold at from $13,50 to 14,00 ₱ 100 lbs.

☞ Petroleum is now found very abundantly in Italy, and, as obtained there, differs from the Pennsylvania oil in the almost entire absence of gasoline, and in many cases of naphtha, as also in being free from any offensive odor.

The Human Hair.

A lady remarked, "My hair is quite gray, and I must color it." A friend replied: "The baneful properties of silver, lead, sulphur, &c., which injure the action of the capillaries, and thereby aggravate the cause which you seek to remove, are the principal ingredients in all hair-colorers. But if you would *prevent* and *arrest* the increase of grayness use BURNETT'S COCOAINE." This preparation possesses remarkable properties as a nourisher, and is an excellent and cleanly hair-dressing. Millions have attested to the fact. It brings the capillaries into new life by its perfectly healthy action, and renders gray hairs less visible by its embellishing effect. It is in no respect deleterious; is not greasy or sticky, and is entirely free from irritating matter. It imparts a luxuriance to hirsute charms which no other preparation possesses, and its constant use produces a permanent and remarkable improvement, gained at trifling cost.

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, PAIN, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-eow1f

Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

The only RELIABLE REMEDY for those brown DISCOLORATIONS on the face is "*Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.*" Prepared only by DR. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond street, New York.

☞ Sold everywhere. ap11-6m

ONE OUNCE OF GOLD will be given for every ounce of adulteration found in "B. T. Babbitt's Lion Coffee." This Coffee is roasted, ground and sealed "hermetically," under letters patent from the United States Government. All the "Aroma" is saved, and the Coffee presents a rich, glossy appearance. Every family should use it, as it is fifteen to twenty per cent. stronger than other pure "Coffee." One can in every twenty contains a One Dollar Greenback. For sale everywhere. Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia. feb22-1y

"It Works like a Charm."

Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Headache!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Toothache!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Neuralgia!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Cholera Morbus!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Rheumatism!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Lameness!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Skin Diseases!
Sold by Druggists, Merchants and Grocers.
WILLIAM RENNE sole Proprietor,
Pittsfield, Mass.
For sale in Philadelphia by Johnson, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Arch street. my30-3m

The Bowen Microscope,

Magnifying 500 *times, mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
je27-tf Box 210, Boston, Mass.

MULTITUDES of people require an alterative, to restore the healthy action of their systems and correct the derangements that creep into it. Sarsaparillas were used and valued, until several impositions were palmed off upon the public under this name.—AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is no imposition. je27-2t

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—The difficulty peculiar to females may be effectually prevented by the timely use of Holloway's Pills; such is the experience of humanity in all climes and countries; one trial will prove the fact.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE still maintains the position accorded it for many years, as the *best* of all external healing remedies. No household or workshop should be without it. Its uses are manifold and its virtues undeniable. Druggists throughout the land retail it. By mail, 25 cents. Redding & Co., Boston.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th instant, by Alexander Reed, D. D., MR. EDGAR M. SMITH to MISS JENNIE H. SNYDER, both of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, J. EUGENE MATHEWSON, Esq., to MISS REBECCA H. DONOHUE, daughter of Geo. W. Donohue, Esq.

On the 26th of Dec., by the Rev. G. W. Durborow, MR. LEWIS TRUMBOWER, of Erwinna, Bucks county, to MISS LIZZIE COLE, of this city.

On the 5th of May, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, MR. THOMAS DUFF to MISS MARY COX, both of this city.

On the 1st of Dec., by the Rev. William T. Eva, MR. CHARLES RUDOLPH, of Phila., to MISS MARY R. MAY, of Germantown.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Castle, D. D., MR. JOHN B. DIEHLER to MISS MELIE E. CLOWNELEY, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th instant, GEORGE M. COATES, in his 39th year.

On the 15th instant, JOHN RITTENHOUSE, in his 62d year.

On the 16th instant, SARAH, wife of Chester N. Farr, in her 33d year.

On the 14th instant, ANTHONY S. HERBNER, in his 71st year.

On the 14th instant, REBECCA J., widow of the late Wm. Z. Mathews, in her 57th year.

On the 12th instant, ELIZABETH, wife of Edward H. Feloney, in her 27th year.

On the 12th instant, TENZEA, wife of Robt. Iredell, in her 56th year.

On the 18th instant, WILLIAM H. HENT, in his 40th year.

On the 11th instant, NATHAN SHOEMAKER, M. D., in his 80th year.

AGENTS WANTED—FOR THE best and most reliable LIFE OF GRANT, by Hon. J. T. Headley. Now ready. In one handsome Vol. $2.50. Also just issued THE NATIONAL HAND-BOOK of Facts and Figures from the foundation of the Government to the present time. 408 pages $1.50. Sent Post paid. E. B. TREAT & CO., Publishers, 654 Broadway, N. Y. je6-4t

EMPLOYMENT.—$15 to $20 a day guaranteed. Male or female agents wanted in every town—descriptive circulars *free*. Address JAMES C. HAND & CO., Biddeford, Me. ap4-3m

"A YEAR AGO."

BY ETA.

A year ago!
How near and yet how far off seems
That point of time—the dreary day
That quenched in night our brightest dreams,
As cold and silent our beloved lay,
So beautiful in her last sleep,
Smiling, while we in anguish weep.
Oh day of woe!
A year ago!

A *year* ago!
And yet it seems but yesterday,
We tasted of the cup of grief,
So long its bitterness doth stay;
So little, Time has brought relief,
And memory so freshly rolls
The tide of sorrow o'er our souls;
Yet 'twas, we know,
A year ago!

Only a year!
Rather an *age* of weary years!
Uncounted cycles dim and vast!
So bridgeless the dark gulf appears
Between the present and the past;
So far off is the happy day
When the dear Presence cheered our way.
But it was so,
A year ago!

Ah, what is life!
When the sweet mother-love that blessed
And made it *life*, is once withdrawn!
When the heart vainly seeks the rest
Unfailing since its being's dawn!
'Tis a long night without a star!
A waiting for some joy afar!
God taught us so
A year ago.

And dost thou know,
Dear one, how thy poor orphaned child,
Homesick and lone, yearns after thee?
How Earth seems but a dreary wild,
Since thy fond smile was hid from me?
Hast thou been near, my grief to quell
With silent love, since on us fell
That cloud of woe
A year ago?

I see thee still,
In peaceful visions of the night;
Beside thee I forget my pain;
As round me plays the dear home-light,
Without a shadow once again;
But while I gaze on thy bright face,
Waking, thou'rt gone from my embrace,
As thou didst go,
A year ago!

From childhood's hour
I'd thought 'twould surely break my heart
To see thee die, and have to bear
Life's burden on from thee apart;
And yet I live, and sometimes wear
A smile, as though there were no ache
Within, as though I did not wake
To miss thee so,
A year ago!

Ah, is it true
That thy freed spirit lingers near
With ministering sweet, to give
The strength to check each falling tear,
Courage and patience yet to live?
Then, wondering heart, the reason see,
Thou didst not break in agony,
When smitten so,
A year ago!

Thank God, my soul,
That heaven is not so far away,
But that our loved ones, lost to sight,
Beside us yet may ever stay,
To make our darkest moments light,
And still the *mother-love*, so sweet,
May watch and guide my wandering feet,
Though left below,
A year ago.

A year ago!
What an eternity of joy
And peace, beloved, has been thine!
Of blessedness without alloy,
While only sighs and tears were mine.
Ah, shall a murmur cross my breast,
That thou didst enter into rest,
Amid our woe,
A year ago?

Jacksonville, Fla.

—*Sunday-School Times.*

SYDNIE ADRIANCE;

OR,

Trying the World.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "IN TRUST," "CLAUDIA," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXI.

"Life will not flow as rivers flow, nor seas;
It is a flood but made of raindrops; days,
Hours, and moments, several, pitiless."

It is a long while since I have looked at this journal.

A life that is at once changeful, busy and interesting, leaves little time for retrospection. Mine has been crowded with delight and variety, and I have known more real enjoyment than I once thought possible.

In the Endicotts I found warm and delightful friends. Mrs. Endicott seems like an elder sister, for she has none of Mrs. Westervelt's motherly ways. Grace was piquant, charming, and full of girlish enthusiasms. In her I found many things that reminded me of myself, in my impulsive, undisciplined girlhood.

After seeing us domesticated at Florence, Mr. Endicott left for Paris and London, whither business called him. We were occupants of a picturesque old house that had doubtless been a palace in bygone years. At first I believe I was a little disappointed in the place. The narrow, irregular streets, and tall houses, with their sleepy, ruinous look, was so different from the busy life to which I had been accustomed. But in the distance the masses of hills sloped down to the lazily flowing Arno, while northward rose ranges of mountains. Here and there olive orchards waved their branches in the soft sunshine, gardens, vines, and flowers dawned upon us at every turn. We spent many a day in rambles about the suburbs of this curiously historical city, and by degrees began to feel at home.

The mornings were generally devoted to study. I yielded to the spell of delicious languor, and for weeks spent my leisure in reading aloud or idly dreaming. It was delightful merely to breathe. I found my duties both light and pleasant. We haunted the old churches listening to masses as we had never heard them rendered before. When I roused myself to work the trance still pervaded every fibre of my being, and under its enchanting influence I wrote of beauty, nature and love.

Early in the summer we began to travel. Switzerland, Germany, the Rhine, France, and a glimpse into Spain. The second winter we spent at Rome. Mrs. Endicott's health was much improved, and we had settled to a warm, steady friendship. She was deeply intersted in my pursuits, and delighted with my success. I hardly recognised myself in this life of continual charm and variety.

One of my earliest friends in Rome was Walter Sutherland. He was still delicate with a high-bred spiritual beauty that seemed almost unearthly in his moments of enthusiasm. His whole soul was in his art, just as it had been in boyhood. Mrs. Endicott became greatly interested in him, but Grace found a stronger attraction in a companion of his, a young artist also. Arthur Wardleigh was eminently calculated to please women, not with the superficial charm that had won Mr. Channing his successes, but a true and earnest soul. She sat to him for a picture, and he strolled in nearly every evening for music and a social chat. How well I remember the long room with its antique furniture and polished floors, the piano at one end and those two youthful faces smiling, lighting up with a word, or joining their voices in some sweet harmony. In the centre the table with its books, papers, and vase of flowers, Mrs. Endicott in her great chair, and a group gathered around, eagerly discussing art, science, poetry, politics or religion. It was a kind of life nearly perfect in its enjoyments, and influenced me in a peculiar manner.

Although we were not much in society, we had many agreeable friends. One evening, I think it was during lent, Mr. Wardleigh brought a young American to call upon us. We found him exceedingly entertaining. His two sisters had been abroad several years, and he had but recently rejoined them. It seemed like a little glimpse of my native land, and was the more to me in that he had met the Westervelts, indeed was quite well acquainted with Philip.

"How really charming you were to Mr. Clifford," Grace said with a gay laugh. "I'm not sure that it is quite right to make yourself so fascinating to susceptible young men."

"Neither of us are in any danger, I think," was my grave reply.

"Didn't he make you a trifle homesick with all that talk about old friends? Once or twice there was such a soft, strange light in your eyes. I do not want you to be seized with a longing for home just yet."

I started at this, then said that I thought my reign as governess would presently come to an end.

She colored at my retort.

We had counted strongly on the service of passion week, and went to the Sistine Chapel every day. I do not wonder that the gorgeous ritual wins many admirers. It impressed me with a deep feeling of awe. Great, pathetic swells of music, the dim lights and air cloudy with incense, the low-voiced priests and sombre penitential robes have a wonderful power over the imagination and feeling in such a place where sculpture, poetry and painting lend their divine power. And yet there must be times when nothing but true divinity will satisfy the hungering soul.

I remember glancing over the crowd and coming to a face and figure that riveted my attention instantly. What there was about it to affect me so curiously I could not tell, unless the long, searching gaze startled me and rendered me almost nervous. This stranger was either English or American, tall, thin to emaciation, and deathly pale. His hair and beard were snowy white, and the contrast with his large, dark, inexpressibly mournful eyes, was indescribable. Feeble and aged as he appeared there was a lingering impress of power in every feature. Again and again I encountered the look.

Grace remarked it also and spoke of it afterward.

"He appeared well bred and a gentleman, but he certainly did stare. There's something suggestive about his face, as if I had seen it under different circumstances," she said.

"It affects me in precisely the same manner," I replied, and though I tried to dismiss it, I found that it still haunted me.

We were in our places the next day, and the unknown in his. I began to have a strange presentiment of evil or misfortune. Of late I had grown serenely happy, now I seemed to have come to the verge of change and danger.

The pomp of Good Friday was most solemn and imposing. Just before nightfall we went to the chapel. The setting sun made a dusky crimson twilight through the richly ornamented windows, and at the far chancel the tall candles sent their faint rays over the striking scene. After the priest read the service the mournful flow of music rolled like great sorrowful waves through the chapel. One by one the candles were extinguished. Then a plaintive voice took up the cry of desolation, touching every heart by its exquisite pathos, joined presently by a deep, tremulous alto that rendered the sound more like a perfect agonizing wail.

Suddenly another sound broke the devotional fervor, a human exclamation of pain or grief. There was a stir in the vicinity of our unknown, indeed he seemed to have fallen heavily backward, but in the crowd we could not see any further movement. I was nervous and discomposed, and though the remainder of the service was grand and touching, I hardly listened, and was glad to emerge from the darkened church into the open air and a lingering touch of daylight. We came singularly enough upon Mr. Clifford, assisting the very person in whom we had become so interested. His steps were tottering, and his face like death itself.

We merely exchanged glances. I was alarmed, and glad to find Mr. Endicott waiting for us.

Grace told the story, she being much calmer than I. And that evening when Mr. Wardleigh came it was repeated.

He smiled a little.

"I think it is Mr. Clifford's uncle, who is an invalid. He has quite large expectations from him, I believe. I have met the two sisters—Mrs. Dorrance and Miss Clifford."

"And the resemblance we could not account for, is to young Mr. Clifford," Grace said, relieved. "Yet there is a shadowy suggestion of something that I can't dismiss from my mind."

"We had better dismiss it altogether," I returned.

"How pale you are, Miss Adriance! And I'm stupidly nervous, for I see a resemblance in every one to those Cliffords, I believe. Just now your eyes had the exact expression."

"It is odd," Mr. Wardleigh said, "but the first evening Clifford was here, I couldn't help thinking he looked like Miss Adriance. I suppose it was only a whim."

I went to my room presently, but somehow I could not sleep that night. Vague fancies haunted me, out of which I could make nothing tangible. I felt glad that we were soon to leave Rome, for I was tiring of its lonely magnificence. Indeed, a strange yearning for home came over me.

But my surprise had not reached its climax. The next morning, as I sat in my room writing letters, Grace entered with a face full of wonder.

"Mr. Clifford is here and wishes to see you alone," she announced.

I started at this. "There certainly is some mystery about it," she went on. "If his uncle were not old and ill—"

"Hush," I interrupted, silencing her playful badinage. Then I crossed the hall, but paused several seconds at the door, steadying my nerves.

Mr. Clifford stood by the centre table, pale and agitated.

"You must excuse this unreasonable call," he said with a faint smile, "but it was a work of necessity."

"Pray be seated," and I placed a chair for him.

"Miss Adriance," he began slowly, after quite a pause, "I want you to exonerate me from all motives of impertinence or curiosity. I saw you yesterday as we came out of the chapel. I was assisting my uncle, who had been ill—"

"Yes," I said, as he waited.

"I mentioned your name then. It seems he had been attracted by a singular resemblance to a person long dead, a nephew dearly loved, who married a Miss Adriance. I do not know that it can have anything to do with you, but he was most anxious to learn your antecedents. Of course, if Sidney Clifford had left a child its name would not be Adriance."

The room swam before my eyes. That old tragedy of love and death rushed through my brain. Sidney Clifford. I remembered that I had inherited my father's Christian name; by one of the odd incidents of fate, his family name I had never known, for my aunts had made Adriance legally mine. Mr. Anthon was probably aware, but he had not mentioned it.

"I must beg your pardon for startling you in this manner," he continued. "Uncle has some strange whims—but Miss Adriance!"

He came towards me suddenly. I was not faint, yet I gasped for breath.

"There was a little girl born to Sidney Clifford. This is her mother's picture." And he opened a locket.

I uttered a cry of joy and surprise. My own mother, as I had seen her just once.

"I think he is right. He always supposed the child dead, having been so informed. Miss Adriance, we are something nearer than friends, relatives."

I was in a maze of bewilderment and hardly knew what to say. Was not the whole affair some idle vision, conjured up by an old man's diseased brain. But the picture!

"Yesterday, overcome by the warmth of the place, the power of the music and perhaps his own feelings, he fainted. On leaving the church we met, as you know. He begged me to learn your name, and who you were. I explained immediately, and then he confessed he had watched you for the past week, drawn by some attraction it was impossible to resist. Last night he was very ill. He blames himself, I believe, for many of the misfortunes that befel your parents, and implored me to bring you to him, if I learned that you were really their child. He will tell you the story. I think there can be no doubt. It was one of those unfortunate secret marriages, but our main facts agree, and as he is all impatience I will not delay by further explanations. Will you accompany me thither?"

I assented and went to make myself ready, promising to satisfy Grace on my return. I hardly knew whether I believed or not. And as we were rolling through the narrow street, in spite of the whirl of my brain I fancied that it would be pleasant to find some one on whom I had a stronger claim than mere friendship. But how many times in my short life I had been cast among utter strangers!

I repeated the few facts of my early history to Mr. Clifford. During the previous night, when his uncle had considered himself dying, he had spoken of some matters concerning which he had heretofore preserved the utmost silence.

"Of course," Mr. Clifford explained, "he could not imagine you were alive. The resemblance certainly is extraordinary. The first evening that I saw you, you reminded me of my sisters."

I had always supposed that I resembled my mother's family. I had a distinct remembrance of my two aunts, and I fancied that as I grew older I looked more like them. Was it the peculiar likeness between myself and the Cliffords that Grace had remarked?

I was in a chaos of amazement and unbelief, or rather that strange sort of fear to which faith appears impossible. As if upon examination some conclusive link would be wanting, and the whole affair fall to the ground like a baseless fabric.

We arrived at the place presently—a lovely olden time villa, with a terraced garden, and great trees lining the carriage way as well as the walk. There was an air about it of going into slow decay, and yet it was exceedingly lovely. Mr. Clifford led me up the broad arched entrance, whose marble floor gave a faint echo to our tread. A lady, apparently thirty, tall and elegant in the black robe that clung about her with a kind of exquisite grace, came to meet us.

"I have brought her, Bertha," Mr. Clifford said, and then followed my introduction to Mrs. Dorrance. Although stately and commanding, she was very gracious.

"We owe you some apology for thus startling you with a family history," she went on in a low, sweet tone. "But if it is true, as our uncle aspects, we shall endeavor to win your pardon by the welcome we shall give you as a relative."

"There can be no doubt about it, Bertha," Mr. Clifford said.

"Will you have Miss Adriance lay aside her bonnet and mantle, while I go and prepare uncle?"

I understood immediately that I would not be considered an intruder, and this gave me courage. Indeed, they both appeared so intent upon ministering to their relative that the mere influence brought me into the same mood. Mrs. Dorrance made a few explanations while her brother was absent, but he soon came to conduct me to the sick man's apartment.

CHAPTER XXII.

Many things there are
That we may hope to win with violence;
While others only can become our own
Through moderation and wise self-restraint.
—*Goethe.*

A curious awe seized me as I entered the place. The lofty ceiling, frescoed walls, heavy crimson curtains that made a soft twilight through the room, the antique furniture and great canopied bed seemed like a description in a story. The lighter appointments of the place I scarcely noticed then. As the sense of dimness cleared away, I caught a glimpse of the pale face amid the pillows, and started involuntarily.

"Sydnie Adriance," he exclaimed, stretching out his hand with a majestic wave. "Let her stand there in the light, Gerald. My God! how like, and yet unlike. Child, come here and forgive me before I die. I think I murdered your father!"

"Go to him," Gerald Clifford said in a whisper.

I approached the bed side. Something in the face appealed powerfully to me. I seemed to lose my own volition and be swayed by his desires alone. A motive I could not understand impelled me to say—

"I do not think I have suffered much from the past mistakes of others."

"Ah, you are generous because you do not know. Gerald, give me some cordial, and leave me alone with her."

The young man obeyed, raising his uncle to a sitting posture, and placing a chair for me. For the first few moments the silence was deathly. I glanced at the pallid face, so full of lines, the sunken yet strangely pathetic eyes, and the trembling hand grasping the counterpane for even that frail support.

"You don't know." The voice was weak and wandering. "If he could have given you a father's love and care—"

That touched me. I had never known neglect so far as my bodily wants were concerned, but the sweetness, the tenderness most children have by right of a blessed inheritance, had fallen out of my life, leaving waste and desolate places.

"I want to hear your story," he said presently. "I shall be better able to tell mine, then."

I began with my earliest recollections, which were scarcely beyond that first conversation concerning my father. After that my guardian's visit and my first school experience, but at the death of my aunts I paused.

"Go on," he said with some difficulty. "I want to hear all about this life that I might have made so much better."

I went briefly over the succeeding years. My school life, my introduction to the world, my subsequent loss of fortune, and the years since, with their varied incidents.

He had grown strangely interested. Through the latter part his eyes had scarcely wandered from my face. I marvelled that I should be able to talk with so little reserve, but I could see that it pleased him better. Every moment a strong, yearning sympathy drew me nearer to him.

"My poor child! If I could have known of your existence years ago, heaven will bear me witness that I would have given you the tenderest care. It was I who visited your aunt, and she told me you were dead. I might have made inquiries elsewhere, but I could not suspect her of any motive for deception, though I could see that she cherished the most bitter hatred toward your father, even in his grave. Both of us sinned in our selfish love for the one nearest to us. Can it ever be forgiven?"

A strong impulse led me to clasp my hand over the thin white fingers. It was returned with trembling pressure.

"I must go back to my own early life to make you understand why I loved your father so well. There were two brothers of us, all that were left of a large family. Arnold and I were inseparable, and yet we were very dissimilar. He had a girl's delicacy and fastidiousness, while I was a great strong fellow, able to take life at its hardest or its worst. Why linger over that episode? We both loved the same woman, or rather child, a girl so fair, so pure and lovely in soul as well as in body, that all other women failed by comparison. I fancied she loved me in return, and I watched with keenest eyes, quickened perhaps by all I had at stake. With Arnold she was shy and reserved I thought, shunned rather than sought him, while she came to me with so winsome a freedom that I laid my whole soul at her feet. Blind dolt that I was not to see, but my passion absorbed sight and sense. One night Arnold came to me, his face fairly transfigured with delight, and his voice tremulous with joy. Muriel loved him, had confessed it, and promised to become his wife. In that moment I was plunged into the blackness and depth of despair. I could have cried out weakly in my agony, but for his sake I held my peace. But the torture of the next few weeks I cannot describe. Even now it comes back fresh and poignant. Muriel was so unconsciously sweet and sisterly. I knew then that my own blindness had misled me."

He made so long a pause that I looked at him in distress. Each respiration was labored and painful.

"You will injure yourself," I exclaimed apprehensively.

"I have lived these scenes over continually during the last twenty-four hours. Life is nearly gone—what does it matter?"

What could I say? I cast about for some comfort, but none came.

"I could not stay to see them married. I happened to meet with a fine opening in a mercantile house connected with the China trade, and I resolved to go abroad. I spent nine years there and amassed a fortune, added to the small one I had inherited. Then I set out upon a tour through all the wonderful countries of the old world—India, Persia, Arabia and Egypt. I had reached the shores of Greece when I received word from Muriel. Arnold had died suddenly, and in one of the periodic financial convulsions nearly every thing had been swept away. I had an abundance for them all, and I hurried back to my native land. I found Muriel lovelier than ever, but in a fatal decline. She grieved continually for her husband. I never saw deeper or truer devotion.

"There were two children, Sidney the younger, named for me. There was a peculiar blending of father and mother in him; he had her soft dark eyes, and her almost heavenly smile, with all his father's delicacy of figure and constitution. From the first hour I took him to my heart. Richard, the elder, was proud, ambitious and energetic, the kind of boy that appeals so strongly to the pride of most men, but Sidney I loved with a strange, tender passion.

"Well, Muriel died. She never knew my secret here upon earth, and in heaven the angels are pitiful. I took her children as my own. Richard prospered, and grew into a noble manhood. I settled him in business and saw him married. Bertha, Gerald and Alice, whom you have not seen, are his children. He, too, died young.

"Perhaps I was blind in my partiality for Sidney. I do not mean that I was ever ungenerous to Dick; but upon the younger I lavished all my love. He was so fond and clinging, so affectionate. Oh, why did I allow this sweet, fond heart to stray from me!

"One summer, he was barely twenty and just through college, he took a fancy to ramble around with some young companions, as I thought. I had always supplied him liberally with money, and he really had no idea of its value. In most things he was a child. He met your mother, and the two fell headlong in love. After awhile he wrote, confessing his attachment; and as she had been subject to what he considered a very cruel persecution on the part of her friends, he proposed to marry her immediately, and bring her home.

"And now comes my own bitter, humiliating confession. My jealous, absorbing love was goaded to madness. To lose him, to have another come between, and see him lavish upon her the boundless wealth of his affection! He was mine in a peculiar sense. I had given up his mother, but I would *not* relinquish him. I wrote and commanded him to give up his boyish folly and return home at once. I blamed the girl as a designing schemer, and refused utterly to see her or receive her.

"My letter was delayed on its way, and when it reached him, Miss Adriance was already his wife, having clandestinely left her relatives. I was merciless in my anger, and his very tenderness for his bride exasperated me. I took a savage delight in announcing that he himself had made the rupture between us, that he had proved weak, fickle, and ungrateful; and henceforth he need not look to me for assistance. Since he had chosen her, he must abide by his fate. Henceforward we would be utter strangers.

"Richard was provoked with his imprudent marriage also. Sydnie begged him to intercede, that he might be restored to my favor; but I would not listen to a word in his behalf. For more than a year we heard nothing from him. I had been away several weeks on some business; and when I returned, my housekeeper met me with a strange story. Sidney had arrived one evening looking so ill and worn, and so disappointed at my absence, that she had asked him in. He would eat nothing, but begged to be allowed the privilege of going to his old room once more. At midnight, hearing a stir within, she had entered his room and found him in a wild delirium. That was four days before, and he had alternated between fever and stupor ever since. The physician despaired of his life.

"I was stunned by the tidings, and went immediately to him. My darling; but oh how changed! Worn to a skeleton, the thin cheeks a flame of scarlet fire, the soft eyes glazed with the fever that was consuming him. All my love rushed back in an instant. I would have given my life to save him. Alas! repentance—everything was too late! On the ninth day he died. I was holding him in my arms, and I know a faint gleam of consciousness overspread his soul. With one bright, glad smile his spirit went heavenward.

"For weeks I was plunged into a profound and passionate grief. I scarcely slept, or ate, or thought. I had ordered a brief letter despatched to your mother; but my heart was still bitter and unjust toward her. I blamed her for all that had occurred. If she had displayed any judgment, she would not have rushed upon this evil marriage. I laid Sydnie's death at her door.

"Sometime afterward, in looking over a long unused drawer, I found the locket Gerald brought to you, and the last note my poor Sidney had written, unfinished at that, dated the evening on which he had returned. Some presentiment of coming death had already foreshadowed him. He implored me to be kind to his wife and little girl. As your aunt told you, he had overtasked his strength in his endeavor to keep them comfortable; and besides, he had missed my love, and longed for it ardently. I cannot tell you how this touched me. I studied the picture in the locket. A sweet, girlish face, so lovely that I almost forgave his fatal passion.

"As reason returned, I found that I had not been quite free from blame. I had reared him in luxury and idleness, given him expensive tastes and habits; and at the most critical moment of his life thrown him upon his own undeveloped resources. He had striven to do his best, and the most severe judge could ask no more.

"In this softened mood, I set out to find your mother. In the city where they had been living, all trace of her was lost; but I remembered the name of the town where he had visited her, and began to search for any one by the name of Adriance. I soon found there were two maiden ladies living in strict retirement, and that this unfortunate girl was their niece. I wended my way thither, and had an interview with one of these women—your great aunt Hester, it seems. If possible, she was more exasperated about her niece's marriage than I had been, and inveighed most bitterly against her husband. I spoke of the child, and of my intention to take it and care for it; for somehow the thought of a little girl had brought up the image of my lost Muriel. She stopped me by announcing that the child had followed its mother, and that I would forever be relieved of any care in that direction, and there was a kind of haughty triumph in her voice. I was too utterly overwhelmed to make any further inquiries. My last hope of reparation had been swept away. No atonement could be made for my cruel injustice. But I cannot even now understand why they chose to be so mysterious about you."

The weary eyes sought mine for explanation. The beseeching pathos nearly unnerved me.

"It was their pride to keep the last member of their family. They had loved my mother with the same jealous watchfulness,"—and then I paused, fearful of wounding him.

"But I would have forgiven all, and asked to be forgiven myself. Heaven knows I was humble enough then; yet it is true I never could have left you entirely to their care. What a life for a child! Still I wonder that the prospect of what I would be able to do for you, did not have some weight with them. They were not mercenary, we must confess."

"They possessed sufficient for me," and I gave a faint smile to think how it had gone.

"And now you know all my sin. Child, do you despise me?" I buried my face on the pillow, overcome by a sudden rush of emotion, and tears of the profoundest pity filled my eyes.

"Sydnie! It takes me back to the old days. For his sake you must forgive."

There was an indescribable entreaty in the tone.

"I forgive all," I said, in a tremulous voice.

"Strange that love should be at once the blessing and the curse of life, that our darkest and most unhallowed moments should be swayed by the passion in one form, and our hours of bliss in another. Come nearer, child, and lay your cheek against mine. What mighty voice spoke when I first saw you? It was no sickly fancy or superstition; but God's divine mandate. You will not leave me, Sydnie—it won't be long. I have passed the boundary of three score and ten."

"If you wish me to stay—" and then I paused. How would my new cousins view this matter?

"I wish you to stay." His voice was so faint that I sprang up in alarm, and when I saw how ashen his lips were, I exclaimed almost in terror—

"What can I do for you? We have talked too long—"

"No," he interrupted. "Touch the bell yonder upon the table; it will summon Gerald."

Mr. Clifford came and administered some remedy.

"Gerald," he said when he could speak, "this is your cousin beyond doubt. I wish her to stay with us."

Gerald was not displeased with the announcement I could plainly see.

"Bertha must make her feel at home. I shall have four children now."

He fell into a drowsy mood presently, and Gerald led me to the sitting-room, where his sisters were engaged with two young children. I felt a little awkward at first, but that soon wore away. I found them really charming and disposed to be very friendly. Mrs. Dorrance was a widow, and the children were hers. Miss Clifford was not more than twenty, smaller than her sister in every respect, and exceedingly winsome. One of those appealing faces that win you simply because they seem to desire it so earnestly.

After a little the conversation turned upon our relationship and the singular manner in which the explanation had come about.

"Uncle Sidney's early death always was a great grief to his more than father," said Mrs. Dorrance. "For many years afterward he lived in seclusion, losing sight of the world altogether. When Mr. Dorrance died he proposed that Alice and I should go abroad with him, and for a while his health improved very much."

An hour or two later I was summoned to the invalid's room again. He had been discussing my coming with Gerald, who had assented to his proposition. The larger part of his fortune was to go to the young man, and Mrs. Dorrance had been left in very easy circumstances. He proposed therefore to give me the same amount that Alice was to have, and which Gerald thought quite just.

"You are very generous," I said to him in a low tone.

"We have so few relatives that it is not much tax, you see," and he smiled. "Besides, we take a certain pride in the relationship. You have already won quite a position, and I think to be placed above any necessity will leave you much more free to follow your inclinations. My uncle is most anxious that we should have a true and kindly regard for each other."

His manner had in it more of the brother than the lover. I was glad to see this.

I was compelled to return home that evening, for I knew Mrs. Endicott would feel alarmed at a longer absence, but I promised to make all necessary arrangements for a permanent stay with them. They expected to go to Nice shortly, and desired that I should accompany them.

At the Endicotts we sat up half the night, talking. My story appeared more wonderful with every repetition of it.

"And you are actually related to the Cliffords," Grace said. "How strange that it should have come about in this manner! Mamma, what will we do without Miss Adriance?"

Mrs. Endicott sighed a little.

I should be sorry to leave her. The tour had been delightful as well as profitable to me. I had enriched my mind with pictures of storied cities, works of art, sculpture and music. I had seen society in the different nationalities, and to me this knowledge would be invaluable. I was reaching the height I had once planned for myself, yet it had not been altogether the work of my own hand. God does not mean that any human being shall stand entirely alone.

I felt strangely awed and humbled that night. I thought of my parents in their distant graves, their sad, broken lives, and my own eventful existence. I did not question God's providence now, or seek to wrest the inscrutable secrets of fate from Him. I had learned to believe, to trust.

In the course of the next fortnight my change was complete. There was a very delightful home feeling with the Cliffords. Perhaps what won me the most was the genuine cordiality they evinced. No narrow or petty sentiment swayed them. Their natures were at once sweet and noble.

Arthur Wardleigh won a confession from Grace that I had more than half suspected. They were all to return to America by another autumn, Grace going as a bride. Consequently I would not be as much needed by the gay girl, but I was grieved at parting with Mrs. Endicott. She had proved such a delightful friend.

Uncle Clifford, as we all called him, improved slowly. He seemed to hold for me the most profound and tender regard. I shared the nursing with Gerald and Alice, in fact we three soon became the warmest of friends. I was so perfectly at ease with them. I liked this atmosphere of affection and refinement, and the once more being my own mistress. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes, the absurd call by which, in some of the states of the Union, courts of justice are still opened, means "hear ye," and is a relic of the old Norman *oyez*, which modern pronunciation has converted into ridiculous nonsense. Its utterance three times is doubtless attributable to a veneration for the number three, which the Anglo-Saxons, in common with kindred races, inherited from the gloomy superstitions of their remote northern ancestry.

SWEET SIXTEEN.

I.

Dear lady, when I look at one
So lovely and so loved as you,
From whose young life has not yet gone
The rose's blush, the morning's dew,
I sigh to think of all the years
Whose fading memories rise between
This and the time when, long ago,
I lost my heart to Sweet Sixteen.

II.

Prate as they may of wiser thought,
Of cooler blood and steadier brain,
Of earnest wisdom, dearly bought
By anxious care and saddening pain;
In all the years Old Time can bring,
In all the longest life has seen,
There are no hopes, no joys, no loves,
So sweet as those of Sweet Sixteen!

III.

And though the charm may wear away,
As roses fade and dews exhale;
Though glossiest locks may turn to gray,
And fairest cheeks grow wan and pale;
Yet who can doubt those dearly loved,
In lands by mortal eye unseen,
Beyond the stars, shall all regain
The angel hues of Sweet Sixteen!

THE WHITE CAMELLIA.

A London Story.

I.

THE PHOTOGRAPH.

There were no pleasanter rooms in London than those of my friend, Edward Maynard, Esq., artist and Bohemian, or, as his friends called him, "Teddy." There was no occasion to repeat his surname, for London contained but one "Teddy" for us, Teddy Maynard.

When I say Bohemian, I do not mean that Teddy's existence was spent in the haunting of disreputable taverns, and the consumption of alcoholic mixtures, the characteristics of many of the Bohemians of the present day; but that his tastes were of a delicately unconventional kind, and that while no cavalier looked more irreproachable at the "Zoo" on Sundays, he had gone through adventures in France and Spain which served to show he had deserted his vocation in being an artist, and should have "gone in for" knight-errantry.

To return, however, to Teddy's rooms, in which I was sitting on one pleasant afternoon, just when the spring was about to surrender herself to the kiss of summer. They were decorated after a design of his own. Dark maroon-colored panels, edged with gold, with hangings and furniture to correspond. Over the mantelpiece was a curious old-fashioned glass, set in an oak frame. Cabinets and bookcases of the same wood stood in various parts of the room, and the walls were adorned with some good pictures in oil and water-colors, the production chiefly of Teddy's artist friends, who had given him those "nice little bits," which delight painters and puzzle the public. It was not far off Regent street, a quiet row of houses within sight and hearing of that gay thoroughfare; and the distant echoes of voices and footsteps, mingled with the roll of carriages, brought one's thoughts back to London, when the beauty of the afternoon had carried them away into dreamy visions of how the country was looking in the springtime.

Teddy was out. He was always out when you called, and I was waiting for him, in obedience to a note left for me with his Cerberus. Having to wait, it was natural that I should light a cigar, and then looking about for that mischief which Dr. Watts declares the enemy of mankind will always find for idle hands to do, I seized upon one of the photographic albums which ornamented the table, and commenced an investigation as to whether Teddy had picked up any new *cartes-de-visite*. I may mention that he had a perfect mania for these little pictures, and was always having them presented to him on his first introduction to people, and buying any pretty faces that he took a fancy to in his walks abroad. I saw a good many old favorites in his book. The pretty girl in the riding-habit he had the happiness to call cousin; the young lady with charmingly dishevelled hair, who had distinguished herself so in private theatricals, and a good many more; and then I hastily turned over the leaves to get nearer the end of the book, where any new faces would be found.

And how was I rewarded? How can I put upon paper the impression that a photograph, the last in the album, made upon me? I was at first quite startled. I was only looking at the pictures carelessly, but something in the face of this one made me start up and go to the window with the book, to get a better light upon it. The photograph was a wonderfully good one. The sun, glad to lymn so fair a face, had done his work lovingly and well. It was the most beautiful, the most expressive face that I had ever seen. Dark hair, as far as I could tell, a face classical in its perfection, lit up with eyes that seemed almost to have the power of speech as they looked at you. An exquisite mouth, small and not too full, while the curve of the chin, and the way in which the head was posed on the bosom, "like a bell-flower on its bed," might have inspired Mr. Browning with that simile.

It was not only love at first sight, but love with a photograph. I had not thought my susceptibilities easily roused, but here I was in a fever of love about a small picture on a piece of pasteboard. Who was this girl? That was the question. I hastily took the photograph out of the book, and looked to see who the photographer was. There was no name at the back of it! Plain cardboard, that was all. The usual photographer's imprint, and number of the negative absent. Where had Teddy got it? Was it a *carte* of one of his friends? or had he picked it up somewhere? Was she married? or engaged? in short, who and what was this mysterious girl, who had changed me from a sober and rational being into a strangely frantic and excited creature?

When would Teddy come in? I paced the room impatiently, holding the photograph before me. I opened the window, and looked up and down the street many times, and at last, after what seemed hours, I heard his footsteps on the stairs, and he lounged into the room.

"Well, old man, how are you?" he said; "glad you got my note and waited."

"Teddy," I said, without returning his greeting, and showing him the photograph. "Tell me whose likeness this is!"

"Oh!" said Teddy, prolonging that exclamation in the most aggravating way possible, and coolly lighting a pipe. "How excited we are about it?"

"I know I am excited," I said, for I had worked myself up into a perfectly ridiculous condition. "But do answer my question. Who is this girl? I must know."

"Let me see," said he, pretending not to recognize it. "Oh, yes, that—that—a photograph of my aunt, the Empress of China. Nice old girl, isn't she?"

"Teddy!" I said, impatiently, "please be serious. I'm awfully spoony upon this picture. Pray tell me where you got it, and all about it?"

"I tell you my aunt—," he began, and then seeing how annoyed I looked, he said, "Well, my dear boy, the fact is, I don't know who it is any more than you do. I thought it was a tidy face, and bought it of some photographic chap in the suburbs somewhere, for a shilling."

I was bitterly disappointed, and sat down in a disconsolate way, still keeping hold of the photograph. I had almost rather he had told me the unknown beauty was married, or out of my reach in some other way; it was the suspense, the absence of any knowledge whatever about her that was so hard to bear.

"Why, Frank, old boy," said Teddy, "you look all knocked of a heap. You don't mean to say that you are really spoons on that *carte*. Why, she may be the mother of any number of promising children. She may be a blessed barmaid. She—"

"Teddy, please don't. I'm hard hit. I know I'm an ass, but I can't help it. I will find out about this girl, if possible. Can't you remember where you bought the photograph?"

"No, upon my honor I can't. Somewhere near Westbourne Grove, I fancy. I was dining in Bayswater, I know, but I can't be sure."

"I may have it, I suppose?"

"Certainly. But if you'll take my advice, Frank, you'll put it into the fire."

"Thank you. I shan't do that." And I placed the *carte* carefully in my pocket-book. "Now, good-bye. Look you up again to-morrow."

"All right. But where are you off to in such a hurry?"

"Well," I said slowly, "I think I shall take a walk in the neighborhood of Westbourne Grove."

"You old ass," was the complimentary rejoinder, and then I went away.

II.

WESTBOURNE GROVE.

Westbourne Grove, as most Londoners know, is not to be understood in a sylvan or rural sense, for but few trees grace the pleasant Bayswater thoroughfare which goes by that name. It is a sort of miniature Regent street, many of the shops being offshoots from parent establishments there; and it is the favorite lounge of the female part of the Bayswater population. Bayswater, as everybody knows, is given up almost entirely to stockbrokers, retired Indian officers, and Jews; it is a sort of metropolitan Asia Minor; and about four o'clock on a fine afternoon all that is fairest of the female, and most Israelitish of the male sex, promenades Westbourne Grove.

Native Indian nurses may be seen in charge of perambulators full of innumerable children; invalids are dragged about in bath-chairs by the most malevolent-looking ruffians in existence; maiden ladies stalk on with an evangelical and tract-distributing air; the British curate may be seen ambling along as if conscious of the nimbus with which the imagination of his female votaries invest him; Jews hideous in aspect, with their eyes meeting, their hair hanging over their coat-collars, bedizened with false jewelry, and smoking unsavory cigars, leer at Christian girls; the Bayswater swell, a distinct type, very weak about the legs, hangs on to his eyeglass, and nods to a passing acquaintance; a ladies' school—some ten hapless maidens—is marched sternly past the attraction of shop windows full of bonnets and ear-rings; the pavement is hidden by waving dresses, and the air is redolent of scent, while from every sloping shoulder the curl called by the profane "Follow-me,-lads," waves in the summer breeze.

Such is Westbourne Grove; and for this promenade I started when I left Teddy Maynard's rooms with the precious photograph in my possession.

When I got into Regent street I hailed a hansom, and was soon speeding westwards towards the Grove. As soon as I was safely ensconced in the vehicle I took out the portrait. It looked lovelier than before, the face still fairer than when I had first seen it; and by the time I got to the Marble Arch I was more in love with it than ever. It was madness, I knew, but men had been mad before my time for love of a woman's face; and wiser men than I was, had engaged in the mad tournament in olden times to win a smile from a lady that they could never dare to love. I had imported the old-world madness of chivalry into the nineteenth century; and it was nobody's business but my own if I chose to go on what every one of my friends would call a wild-goose chase after a *carte-de-visite*.

In the meantime I was speeding towards Westbourne Grove, wrapt in the contemplation of my beloved photograph, and with no very definite idea of what course I was going to pursue when I reached my destination.

Teddy had given me no clue whatever to the photographer; there would be a dozen in the Grove, and I was not even sure that his purchase had not been made in some street in the vicinity; so that to take the picture round to every photographer in the neighborhood seemed likely to be a very hopeless business, which would lead to no satisfactory result. It was probable, I thought, that the portrait had been privately taken, and that possibly a few copies had remained in the photographer's hands. There was some chance, then, that finding the picture had sold, he might, if he possessed another, have exposed it also for sale. I accordingly dismissed my cab at the end of the Queen's Road, and commenced an investigation of the photographers in the Grove.

It was weary work, for, as I might have expected, I could find no counterpart of my portrait. I even went into several places and made inquiries as to whether it had been taken there; but my question was met with a supercilious negative, one magnificently-attired *artist* informing me that their work was "infinitely superior to anythink like that." It seemed like sacrilege to be thus exposing my picture to vulgar gaze, and I determined to abandon the search, at all events for some days. I thought that in the meanwhile I would try and extract from Teddy more exactly the whereabouts of the place at which he had bought it. I would make him come with me to Bayswater, and go over the ground which he had traversed on the day when he discovered the photograph. If that plan failed, I should have no alternative but to try every photographer in the district; and I determined that even if the search lasted for months, I would persevere with it, and not rest until I had at least discovered who the original of my cherished portrait was, where she lived, and what was her position in life. It was a mad resolve, but I am a man of a very obstinate nature, and I determined to accomplish my end.

On application to Teddy next day he received me with a great deal of unfeeling chaff; and I found that it was quite hopeless to attempt to get any more precise directions from him. He had gone in a cab to Bayswater, he said, and had stopped to get some cigars. He had seen the photograph near the tobacconist's, had bought it, and then driven on, and had "not the vaguest notion"—so he said—as to what street it was in. Somewhere near Westbourne Grove, that was all he could tell me; and he concluded his information, as he had done our previous conversation on the subject, with the gratuitous statement that I was a great donkey to go running after a photograph. Thus far Teddy: of no use at all to me.

And in truth, after many inquiries in various quarters, I began in some measure to doubt the wisdom of my proceedings myself. Not a very surprising thing, perhaps, when my situation was calmly reviewed. Here I was, rushing all over town after photographers, only to meet with perpetual disappointment; and even if I was so far successful as to find out who my portrait was, I might be as far off knowing her and winning her as ever. I looked at the fair face, and the wonderful eyes that met mine so steadily in the picture, and I was driven nearly mad by the thought that they might even then be smiling upon some one else; that some one with a good right to such happiness was even then caressing that sweet face. She might be another man's wife, and all I could do when I found her out would be to accept my fate, and leave the place where she lived, to hide my hopeless love, as the old song says, "for ever and a day!"

At last, after visiting scores of photographers, I began to think my search hopeless, and to despair of ever finding my visionary lady love. I did not swerve, however, in my allegiance to her charms. I still held my *carte-de-visite* to be the portrait of the fairest, sweetest woman upon earth. I would continue to hold that belief, no matter whether I ever found her or not. The said portrait in time, after much affectionate saluting of an osculatory nature, began to get somewhat faded, and to lose some of its original brilliancy. I determined, therefore, to have it copied by a first-rate artist, and I thought that at the same time I would have it enlarged. I was doubtful about having it colored, for I hardly knew the exact tints to order. So I took the *carte* to one of the greatest photographers in town—a man, by the way, to whom I had before applied to see if he knew anything of it—and I gave orders for an enlarged copy to be made of it in the very best possible style.

The attendant to whom I gave the order, after looking at the portrait for a few minutes, said, "An enlarged copy of this, sir? You can have it directly. Didn't you order one the other day, sir?"

"No!" I said, in the utmost astonishment. "But I order it now."

"Well, sir, I think we have one on hand. Will you walk this way?"

In another instant I had followed him into an adjoining room, and there, on an easel, stood a large portrait of my darling!

Enlarged evidently from a copy of the same *carte* as I possessed, but it was colored; and now that I could see the exact shade of the hair and complexion, it looked more beautiful than ever.

"I have been looking for this everywhere," I said, eagerly, to the attendant. "Pray tell me who it is?"

"Who it is?" the man repeated, looking at me suspiciously. "Why, it's an enlarged copy of the portrait you have in your hand to be sure."

He thought of course that I must know the original; and I saw the necessity of being cautious, or he might refuse to give me the information I wanted.

"Ah, yes," I said; "but I was to order this enlargement for a friend of the lady's, and I was not told the name. Can't you tell me?"

The man still seemed suspicious, but took up an order-book, and said—

"Well, sir, I'd better take your order, and we shall see the name here, I dare say."

I gave my order for an enlargement like the one before me, and begged the man not to mention it to the persons who had ordered the first one, as it was intended as a surprise to some relatives. I enforced my request by a liberal douceur, and the man, who seemed quite mollified, turned over to some previous entries, and said, showing me the book—

"There you are, sir. Miss Vane, 28, Worcester Square, Hyde Park. W."

My heart beat, and I felt my face flushing, as I read the address. I had found her at last—and she was still Miss Vane—unless, indeed, "Miss Vane" was only some relation.

"I suppose this is the lady herself," I said, carelessly.

"Yes, sir, I think so," the man said, "for I waited on her."

"Thanks," I returned, and after mentally noting the address, I rushed off to Maynard's rooms.

III.

IN THE PARK.

Teddy was seated in his easiest arm-chair tranquilly engaged in the consumption of sherry and seltzer, and smoking an enormously long wooden pipe. He looked up as I entered, and said, "Ah! the photographic maniac, and how are we and the picture to-day?"

"To-day," I said, in a tone of triumph, "we have found out the address."

"Indeed," he said, calmly; "then sit down and have a pipe; there's plenty of seltzer in that cupboard, so mix and be happy."

"Insensate creature! you don't even ask who she is!"

"Not I. I have heard so much about her for the last month or so, that you'll excuse me for saying it, but I think I would rather not know her address. If you want to rave about her as usual, I'll shut my eyes and listen. Don't go on longer than you can help."

"Wretch!" I said, laughing, "she is a Miss Vane—lives in Worcester Square, Hyde Park."

"Is she? Old maid, I suppose."

"Well, if you think her photograph is that of an old maid you are welcome to your opinion. All I can say is that I don't agree with you."

"And what are you going to do now? You don't know any Vanes, and I don't know any Vanes. I don't see how you're any nearer to your object, which I presume is an introduction. Be satisfied with the address. Give it up,—and hand me the tobacco-jar."

"I shall do neither. I *must* know Miss Vane; and you are so insufferably lazy, that it will do you all the good in the world to get the baccy for yourself."

"How do you propose to begin this charming plan?"

"By going off immediately to reconnoitre the house. I may catch a glimpse of her."

"Poor fellow!" said Teddy, mockingly, touching his forehead significantly. "How far gone we are to be sure!"

Teddy Maynard was never known to be in love with anybody himself, and he was quite incapable of comprehending it in other people. Regardless of his chaff, I set off to Worcester Square to have a look at number twenty-eight.

I found, as I expected, a fine decorous-looking mansion, with nothing to distinguish it from the other houses in the square. I did not imagine, of course, that there would be anything distinctive about it; but it seemed to me, in my excited frame of mind, that the careless way in which people passed it was highly reprehensible. They did not know what a pearl of price that dull casket contained. There was nothing to be gained, however, by watching the house just when the inhabitants would be going to dinner, and Miss Vane was hardly likely to appear at one of the windows for my benefit, like a princess in a story book; so I left the square and betook myself to a solitary dinner at the club, where I held a council of war with myself.

The result of that council was that I determined my first move must be to see the lady, to make sure that she was Miss Vane, the original of my photograph, and whether she was likely to stay in town during the whole of the season. In accordance with this resolve I went down to Worcester Square the next day, and had an interview with the affable policeman on duty in the neighborhood. He knew Worcester Square, he said, well—had been in service near it before he entered the force. Yes. A Mr. Vane, Colonel Vane, lived at number twenty-eight. Any family? Yes—Miss Vane; as handsome a young lady as ever stepped. Did they drive or walk out much? Generally drove—about two or three in the afternoon.

Was always glad to answer a gent's questions, when, he *was* a gent: and as he spoke my informant's hand closed affectionately over the half-sovereign, which I slipped into it.

This was so far satisfactory. I did not go back to incredulous Teddy to pass the morning, but strolled tranquilly into the Park, and there consumed innumerable cigars, thinking over my good fortune in having a chance of seeing Miss Vane. I began to wonder, in a foolish and fantastic way, whether she would notice me. It was exceedingly improbable that she should do so, but I had been thinking of her so continuously for so many months that I almost believe my mind could, as some people say, have influenced hers. Our thoughts should have been *en rapport*, some knowledge of my strange and earnest love might, I fancied, have made itself felt in her heart. If the mind, concentrated on one object, has power and volition beyond the body, as has been asserted—and cases bearing out the statement are not uncommon—I know that I must have exercised some mysterious influence over her thought and feeling, although she would never know from whence it sprang.

Such were some of my thoughts as I paced up and down the broad walks of the Park, watching the workmen putting up the very unornamental railings, and longing for the hour to come when I might have a chance of again seeing my divinity.

I was just leaving the Park when I saw an open carriage coming towards the gates at a quick pace. I stepped aside to let it pass—and the face that had haunted me sleeping and waking for so many months flashed across me again. Our eyes met for a minute, and then the carriage bore her out of sight, and left me standing near the gates with my face flushed and my heart beating as if I had been undergoing some violent exercise.

Colonel Vane and his daughter had come for their drive earlier than usual, or I might have seen her get into the carriage. Now, however, they would probably be in the drive, and I could go and watch them pass and repass. I accordingly went and stationed myself at a convenient part of the railings, and waited for the carriage. At last, far down the line, I could see it approach. My darling had on the airiest, sweetest little summer bonnet in the world, and her beautiful brown hair shone underneath it, as it formed a coronal for the fair face and lustrous eyes that held me in thrall.

Her father, a handsome, soldierly-looking old man with a gray moustache, sat beside her, and she seemed to be listening attentively to some story he was telling her, for she looked straight in front of her, and I never caught her eye again during the whole time that I watched her in the drive.

And yet it was happiness enough just to be within a few yards of her, to be able to see her at all, and until they drove away from the Park my bliss was complete. Then I went away also, feeling very disconsolate my vision had vanished. When was I to see it again, and how was I to get any nearer to an intimacy with her? Any one might look at her in the Park. How was I to gain a dearer privilege?

IV.

AT THE OPERA.

I determined to go to Maynard again, and, luckily, on my way home, I met him a literary and artistic club of which we were both members.

He was smoking as usual, and his first remark was,

"Well, old man, how goes it?"

"I've just come from seeing her—"

"Oh! it's her again, is it? I thought you'd quite forgotten that affair," he said, laughing.

"Then you're doomed to disappointment, my boy. I've just come from seeing her out driving in the Park—have seen her several times, and it was glorious!"

"Ah! it was glorious, was it? And what are you going to do next?"

"That's just what I want to know—I don't know what to do next. Can you advise me!"

"Throw yourself before the wheels of her chariot, and when the hoofs of her haughty steeds are trampling out your heart's best blood, tell her how you love her."

And Teddy, as he spoke, waved his cigar dramatically, and then leaned back in his arm-chair as if the effort had been too much for him.

"Don't chaff me, please, but tell me what I'm to do."

Teddy, who is a capital fellow at heart, looked serious for a moment, and then said—

"I have it. Write to her!"

"Write to her?"

"Yes."

"But I don't know her, and she'll never forgive such a piece of impertinence."

"Never mind. Risk it. 'He either fears his fate too much'—you know the rest—that's my advice. If you won't take it, why the deuce did you ask me for it?"

"I think I will," I said, musingly.

"That's right," said Teddy, encouragingly. "Write and say who you are: I wouldn't give your real name, but let her know you're a gentleman, and that if she takes you she'll stand a chance of being Lady Harcourt some day. Say you don't want to press matters till you can get a formal introduction to her, and"—here he stopped a moment—"ask her, if she's not very angry with you, to be at the Opera on some night in one week, when you'll go every night it's open, and wear a white camellia in your buttonhole. There's your plan all cut and dried, and you're the most ungrateful fellow in the world if you don't carry it out."

I was rather staggered at the boldness of this proposal, and went home, after having thanked Teddy, promising to think it over. It was indeed a mad scheme, not wilder though than my wild search, after I had seen her photograph. And remember, I was madly in love with Miss Vane; so madly, indeed, that I could not be content to wait until, by some happy accident, I met her in society and got introduced to her. She might be engaged to some one else in the interval, if even she were not engaged already; she might even get married; and I was resolved at least to let her know how strange and mad a passion she had inspired. A girl with such eyes, I thought, must be romantic, and surely all the romance of her nature would come to my aid when she knew for how long I had worshipped her photograph.

For two more days I watched her in the Park, and then I determined to act upon Teddy's advice. Not without some misgivings, however, as to the romantic nature of the proposal having any weight with her; for on one occasion she was riding, and was attended not only by her father but by a younger cavalier with whom she seemed to be on very intimate terms, and I fancied that she was chaffing him unmercifully about something.

Our family were famous in old days for acting without hesitation, when once a course of action was decided upon, and I was no exception to the general rule. A letter, precisely in accordance with the sagacious Teddy's instructions, was written and despatched the next day. I did not give my own name, fearing Miss Vane's indignation. Being anonymous, the letter could do no harm if it fell into the hands of any one who knew me. Of course she would see me if she went to the Opera; but I thought that, if she kept the appointment, she would hardly be so base as to betray me. There were four opera nights at Covent Garden during the next week, and on one of these four occasions I implored her to appear. I should be there with the white camellia, and I should—so I said in the letter—construe her attendance as a sign that she was not fatally angry with me, and that I might seek an introduction to her in some more conventional and legitimate manner.

It was with a beating heart that I took my seat in a stall at the Opera on the first of the appointed nights. I was absurdly early, in my eagerness to be upon the scene, and few persons but myself were in the theatre. These I scanned carefully through my opera-glass, and as the stalls and boxes began to fill I devoted the whole of my time to a steady scrutiny of their occupants. People near me in the stalls must have wondered what made me so regardless of the music, and so much on the alert when any new-comer appeared in the house. I was voted a great barbarian, no doubt, with no soul for music, and my neighbors must have speculated what had brought me to the Opera, since I had evidently not come there to listen to the singing.

But my search was hopeless. I looked in vain round the "glittering horse-shoe," that spread before me like a rainbow. I saw many fair faces, many bright eyes bent earnestly upon the stage; golden-haired and dark-haired beauties sat in snug boxes, enthroned like queens, while attentive gentlemen in irreproachable evening dress, bent over them. But nowhere in the great theatre could I see the one face that was engraven on my heart: on the first night, at all events, she had not thought fit to come; and as my mind dwelt on my disappointment, I was very angry with myself for ever having taken Teddy's advice, and having written my mad letter. I went home in a very disconsolate mood, although I was rather consoled by the enlarged photograph which had been taken for me, and which was installed in a place of honor in my rooms.

The next day I had no heart even to go to the Park; and again, punctual to the time of opening, I went to the Opera. Again I was disappointed. Miss Vane was evidently incensed at my impertinence in writing to her, and never made her appearance. I returned home the second night, mad with love and disappointment. I went into Maynard's rooms and upbraided him for his advice, and altogether as he said, I qualified myself for Colony Hatch by easy stages. I tried to console myself with my portrait; and I saw Miss Vane for an instant in the Park on the third day, but she only drove round once; and I took my seat at the Opera, so prepared for a third disappointment that when she never appeared I settled down into calm despair. There was one more night, however—one more chance for me and my white camellia; and I still dared to hope that I should see her.

On this fourth evening I was obliged to go out to dinner. My host was an old friend of our family, who had been for many years in Canada, and had now come home to settle in his native country. He had no family; had taken a handsome house in town, and was very desirous of showing every possible kindness to me. I was obliged, therefore, to accept his invitation, but hoped that the Laurences would let me get away in time to go to the Opera.

I was pleasantly surprised, therefore, when on reaching their home and going up into the drawing-room, Mrs. Laurence said to me,

"My husband will have to make his apologies to you, Mr. Harcourt, for he is obliged to go off on some most important business immediately after dinner. Now, as I cannot expect to be able to amuse you all the evening, I have got a box at the Opera, Covent Garden, will you take me?"

"I shall be delighted: but I hope you don't think I should not be equally pleased to be here."

"Well, the fact is," she said, "I am not wholly unselfish. I very seldom get to the Opera, as my husband does not care for music, and am glad when I can catch any one who will go with me. We shall not be alone, by-the-by, as I have a young lady coming to the box who will only need an escort to her carriage, for she is a very independent person, and goes about a good deal by herself."

"Indeed," I said.

"Yes; she is a charming girl, however, and I hope you will like her."

Then Mr. Laurence came in, and shortly afterwards dinner was announced.

Such an arrangement was an extremely fortunate one for me, I thought, and I only hoped that Mrs. Laurence and her charming young lady might devote themselves entirely to the music, and leave me at liberty to scrutinize the house.

One thing I had to remember, and that was my camellia. I had left the one I intended to wear at my chambers. However, I persuaded good-natured Mrs. Laurence to drive round by my rooms, under pretence of getting my own opera-glass, which I said was specially adapted to my sight. Then I got my flower, put it carefully into my buttonhole, and covered it over with my light overcoat.

When we drew up under the portico at Covent Garden, and were entering the lobby, Mrs. Laurence said to me—

"Why, I declare, there are the Colonel and Edith going up yonder before us. I suppose he's just brought her, for I know he had to go to the same meeting as Mr. Laurence."

"The Colonel and Edith!"—"The Colonel!" gave me a thrill, thinking of *her* father, and I wondered with a vague curiosity who they were.

We were getting near our box, led by an obsequious attendant, when I said to Mrs. Laurence—

"You talked of the Colonel just now: may I ask who he is?"

"Colonel Vane; an old friend of my husband's. He was quartered at Quebec a long time. Edith is his only child, and they live in Worcester Square."

I sometimes wonder now that I didn't faint at this intelligence. I am sure unsuspecting Mrs. Laurence must have felt the arm on which she was leaning tremble; and I fancied even the boxkeeper must have been able to hear my heart beating. Edith Vane! This, then, was the name of my idol; and I thought never did name sound so musical. In a few seconds I should be in her company. I remembered my letter and the camellia. Had she come, I wondered, on this last night? But just as we reached the box-door, I tore the flower from my buttonhole, and put it into the ticket pocket of my coat. I was about to be properly introduced to her, and I thought I would dissociate myself from my foolish letter.

We got to the box; the usual introductions followed; and then Colonel Vane departed, and left me with the ladies. They had a great deal to say to each other, and for some time I occupied myself with sitting in the back of the box, just content to look at Edith. If I had thought her beautiful in her photograph, and when out driving, think how I worshipped her loveliness when I saw her in full dress. I was glad that I had some time given me to recover myself, and to collect my thoughts, for I was so stunned by this unexpected good fortune, that I should have acquitted myself badly had I been required to make myself agreeable as soon as we were seated in the theatre. I was glad Edith had so much to say to Mrs. Laurence, and I was amusing myself by comparing her real face, as I saw it before me, with my photograph, when Mrs. Laurence turned to me and said, laughingly—

"Mr. Harcourt, you have perhaps sharper eyes than Edith or myself. Can you see any gentleman in the theatre with a white camellia in his buttonhole?"

A pleasant occupation for me, truly! How thankful I was I had taken the odious flower out.

"Yes," said Miss Vane, merrily, "do you see any swain in the stalls who looks particularly love-stricken?"

"May I ask the reason of this investigation?" I said, as lightly as I could, although I felt very nervous. "Is this an appointment?"

Miss Vane glanced quickly at me for a moment as if some suspicion had entered her head, and then said, smiling—

"Well, I suppose it is. The fact is, Mr. Harcourt, I have an unknown admirer, who implored me to be at the Opera on one night out of four. I did not intend to come, but papa wished me to do so to-night: so, if the enterprizing individual is in the house he will be gratified."

"The faithless creature is not here, apparently," I said, scrutinizing the house through my opera-glass: "at least I don't see any white camellia, if that was the sign."

"I'm afraid he's not," said Miss Vane. "How very ungallant of him, is it not, Mr. Harcourt?"

"Poor young man!" said good-natured Mrs. Laurence, who was of rather a sentimental character. "He may have seen you, and be really in love with you, Edith; and you said you thought, from his letter, that he was a gentleman."

"Well, he has not kept tryst," I said, leaning forward to get a good view of the house, and wondering whether any wretch would be present with a conspicuous white camilla, who would be singled out as the hero of the romance.

When I next turned to speak to Miss Vane, I noticed a new and curious expression on her face, as if something was occupying her thoughts that she was trying to conceal: something amusing, apparently, for her eyes were laughing, although her face looked quiet and demure. She answered some question I put to her about the music, and then said—

"Do you often go the Opera, Mr. Harcourt?"

"Oh, yes," I said, carelessly. "I've been three times before this week." And then, remembering my letter, I turned away to hide my confusion.

The hours went swiftly by; far too fast, I thought, for I was in the seventh heaven of delight, and Mrs. Laurence seemed very pleased that Miss Vane and I got on so well together. I heard little of the opera that evening. "Diva" Patti was entrancing all hearts upon the stage, but my Diva was beside me in the box, and I had no ears for the music.

But the happy evening ended at last. We escorted Edith to her carriage, and then I drove home with Mrs. Laurence, both of us singing a chorus in her praise. One thing deserves to be noted about that evening at the Opera. When I got home, strange to say, I could not find my camellia anywhere, and imagined that it must have been jerked out of my pocket. However, I had, luckily, not needed it, and I went to bed happy, and dreamed of Edith Vane.

V.

THE EPILOGUE.

Mrs. Laurence, who, like all middle-aged ladies, was very fond of matchmaking, had evidently made up her mind to foster my love affair as much as possible; for I was continually being invited to her house and always met Edith Vane. I came to know the Colonel also, and in time was invited to Worcester Square, where Edith played the hostess like a little queen. Need I say that I came daily to love her more and more? And I had the happiness of believing that she was not indifferent to my devotion. Riding by her side in the Park, I used sometimes to look back upon the old days when I worshipped her at a distance, and hardly dared to hope that I should ever be so blessed as to be daily in her society.

One afternoon I had gone to Worcester Square, and as Edith was too tired with a ball the previous night to go out riding, I stayed chatting with her in the pleasant drawing-room. And that summer afternoon I put my fate to the touch; and a strange answer I received to my pleading, when I told Edith Vane how I loved her, and asked her to be my wife.

She did not reply at once, but at last she said—

"Please do not think unkindly of me, but I have a confession to make."

"I cannot think unkindly of you, Miss Vane—Edith! You know it would be impossible."

"Do you remember," she said, "that night at the Opera, when a gentleman was to meet me with a white camellia in his buttonhole?"

"Perfectly. How can I ever forget it?—it was the first time I met you!"

"Well," she said, slowly, "although perhaps you did not see him, *I* saw the gentleman with the camellia that night."

"Did you," I said, feeling terribly annoyed. Some fellow had been there with the flower; camellias were common enough. How was it I hadn't seen him?

"Yes," she went on, "and I have seen him since—very often!" And as she spoke she hung her head down, as if to hide her blushes.

How I cursed Teddy and his hateful advice! Some one had heard of the letter and had taken advantage of my plan to steal my darling's heart.

"And—and—" I said trembling, "I know I have no right to ask—you love him?"

A burning blush came over her face and neck as she looked into my eyes, and said—

"I do!"

I clasped my hands over my face, and groaned. Here was a pleasant end to all my plotting! And yet she had given me many reasons for believing that she had some love for me. It was very bitter to hear her confess her love for another man, and to know that it had been brought about by my agency.

I was startled by a laugh. Edith Vane was sitting near me—positively laughing at my misery.

"I hardly thought I should have been insulted," I said, indignantly.

But still Edith did nothing but laugh.

"How have I insulted you?" she said.

"How have you insulted me? Why, by laughing at my disappointment when you have confessed your love for another man!"

"But I have not done that!"

"I cannot stop to guess riddles, Miss Vane," I said, abruptly. "What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean that I love"—and here she half turned her head away—"the gentleman who had a camellia that night at the Opera; and he says I insulted him by saying so. Oh, Frank!"

And then, looking divinely beautiful, she held out to me—my white camellia! which, when I leaned forward to scan the house, had fallen into her lap. And in another moment she was hiding her rosy face on my shoulder.

So I won my darling. The original of the cherished photograph was mine. The appointment with the wearer of the white camellia was kept for life.

The Sky.

What is the blue sky, so grandly arched above our heads. The ancient Greeks supposed it to be a solid substance, spread above the earth at an immense height, in which the sun, moon, and stars were set like diamonds in a ring. The upper surface was laid with gold—the pavement of the gods.

In pagan countries somewhat similar notions still prevail. A converted heathen said to his missionary teacher that he thought the sun, moon, and stars were holes in the solid sky, through which came streaming down to earth the brightness and glory of the heavenly world.

But, in reality, the sky is nothing more than the *air we breathe*. Instead of the solid arch, towering so many thousands of miles above us, where our childish fancy placed it, the blue sky is nothing but the color of the ocean of air, in which we live and move. And, as to its distance from us, it is all *within three or four miles*. For travellers, who go upon high mountain-tops, tell us that they no longer see any blue sky above them there, where the air is so thin that they pant for breath, but only the *blackness* of empty space.

DARK HOURS.—To every man there are many, many dark hours—when he feels inclined to abandon his best enterprise; hours when his heart's dearest hopes appear delusive; hours when he feels unequal to the burden; when all his aspirations seem worthless. Let no one think that he alone has dark hours. They are the common lot of humanity; they are the touchstone to try whether we are current coin or not.

☞ Dover, England, was enabled by a mirage, recently, to see Boulogne, in France, distinctly with the naked eye, and with a telescope the windows of houses and inhabitants could be clearly discerned. A railroad train was watched for several miles of its journey toward Calais.

The Old Red Sleigh.

After mother had gone to bed I went up stairs and brought down my writing desk. There were some sheets of paper and some delicate envelopes, which had been there for months stored within, and a silver pen and penhandle, which had been a birthday present in my school days.

I took them out and the ink bottle also. The ink was thick, for we did not write much, either of us—and I brought the vinegar cruet from the closet and thinned it to my liking. Then I sat down and looked at the paper. Then I went to the stairs and listened to see if mother was not coming. Then I actually seated myself, squared my elbows and began to write. This is what I wrote:

Dear Miss Harrow: I am a coward. Not, I hope, in one sense, but certainly as regards you. For a year I have loved you. Yet, I would no more have dared to say so than I would had you been a queen. Perhaps because I do not cherish a hope that you like me.

To-morrow you and I will ride together. To-morrow I had made up my mind to try my fate, but I know I shall not dare to speak, so I write. I will give you this letter to read at home. If the answer be "No," it will be easier for both of us. Will you try and think enough of me to be my wife one day?

I love you better than my life, and I will do all I can to make life happy for you. With a little hope that I can make my way in the world as other men do; I am young and strong, and not utterly ignorant. If I am to have that hope, give me some sign—give me a line, your name only, anything to show me what you mean. If I am to be miserable—well then make me no answer. Silence shall mean "no." I could not bear to see you or speak to you after that.

This is an awkward love letter, no doubt; I am not used to writing letters of any kind of late. I never wrote or said a word of love to any one before. That must be its excuse. But were it ever so elegant it could not mean more, for I offer all the love in my heart. The only love I have ever felt or shall ever know. ALMON CRAIG.

I sealed this note in the daintiest envelope I possessed, and wrote Hepsey Harrow's name on the back, and hid it in the desk from mother's eyes; sharp eyes, that looked after me anxiously as I drove away with old Dobbin and the little red sleigh the following evening.

She was ready for me. My mother's hint was in my mind, and I looked at her dress. All I discovered was that it was blue; but her furs were good, I could judge of furs.

"She must marry a rich man, or one on his way wealthward," I said. "She shall, too. I've more to start with than Washington had." And I tucked her into the sleigh and drove off to the meeting.

It was a pleasant drive, and a merry dance and supper, and as time went on I felt glad that I had written the letter. For I could not have said what it said for me. It was at that moment when we were driving homeward that I mustered courage to ask her for the little reticule which she carried as the other girls did, with a brush and some flowers in it, for they had to touch up the curls and braids after the windy ride before the dance.

"Why do you want it?" she asked.

"To put something in it which you must not look at till you reach home," I said.

"You arouse my curiosity," she answered. "I shall look the instant I have a lamp."

And as she spoke I had dropped the letter and snapped the clasp.

Not a word more could I speak, but at the door I tried for the first time to kiss her. Her lips eluded mine, and I dared not to repeat the attempt.

I took the red sleigh home and waited, waited hopefully, as I knew afterwards, for an answer. None came—a day, a week, a month. She had given me a little, cold, smileless bow. I was rejected.

"Mother," said I that night, "we must have some one to farm the place. I'm going to some city."

"Why?" said she.

"To make my fortune," I said.

"For that girl—the school ma'am?" asked my mother bitterly.

"No," said I, "never for her."

Mother knelt down beside me as I sat on a low stool. She put her hands on my shoulder and looked into my face.

"She didn't dare refuse you?" she said. "Boy, I know you are in trouble. I'm your mother. Tell me."

"She did not accept me," said I.

"The haughty minx!" said my mother, "I—" then she burst into tears.

"And that's to part us?" she said.

"Not if you will go with me," I answered.

But she would not leave her home, and I went alone. In the frosty morning as I turned to look back at the little village, from the top of the old stage, I saw the little children filing in at the school-house door, and caught a glimpse of Hepsey's dress beyond—only a fold of her dress, but I knew it. The school bell was ringing; but it did not say "turn again, turn again" to me as it should have done, had I been such a prophet as Wittington.

I made my fortune. I had a cousin in New York who was deep in the mysteries of Wall street. He helped me; so did Luck or Fate. In five years I was a moderately rich man. My mother wanted nothing but my presence. She would not come to me, but she urged me to come to her.

At first my heart was too weak to be trusted among those old familiar scenes. To have met Hepsey would have been too much to bear. But time helps us all. At the end of five years I wrote to my mother:

"I am coming home again, since you will not live here with me. Expect me to-morrow."

And on the morrow I went. My mother had not altered much. But I had grown a long light beard, and was a youth no longer—a fact which troubled her. There were changes in the place, too. Girls were married—old people dead. The tallest, handsomest man I remembered, had met with an accident, and crawled about a wretched cripple. The church was rebuilt, and the huts in the hollow had been burnt. A factory had risen, and the factory people's houses were about it. Instead of the old frame school house was a brick building with many windows and a cupola.

Who was the teacher? Was she there—Hepsey Harrow? I dared not ask.

Idly I sauntered about the house, painted and refurnished now; and idly in the evening of my second day at home, I went out to the shed where the little red sleigh stood—the old shabby thing, with the green patch on the cushions.

"It ain't been touched since you left, Almon," said my mother. "Poor old Dobbin! How smart he used to take it round! I felt as if I'd lost a friend when he died. Remember me patchin' the cushion?"

She lifted it as she spoke. From behind it dropped something. What? Of leather, blue with mould, crushed by its long lying under the cushion, but a reticule for all that. Hepsey Harrow's reticule! I opened it. There lay a comb and a brush; an artificial rose—how well I remembered it in her hair!—and my letter. Yes, my letter, that she had never read, never seen, never known of.

"What's the matter, Almon?" asked my mother.

For a few moments I did not know. At last I spoke.

"It is Miss Harrow's reticule."

"She must have lost it when you took her a sleigh-riding," said my mother. "Just like her, to lose it and not know, extravagant critter. She's teaching yet; likely to—she ain't married; no doubt she'll be an old maid, and serve her right."

The rest my mother said to herself, for I waited for no more.

I took the reticule in my hand and went over the long-forgotten path toward the school-house. School was over. A figure stood alone at the gate. I did not know it at first. But on a nearer view I found it was a mature edition of Hepsey Harrow's slender frame—not so slender now, but pretty—just as pretty in the face, and fresh and buxom.

I walked up to her. She gave me a puzzled look. Then her cheek flushed.

"Mr. Craig," she said.

"Yes, Miss Harrow," I answered. "I am here to restore your property. You lost a reticule in *my* sleigh five years ago. To-day I found it. There's something in it which I asked you to look at when alone. I make the same request now. May I see you this evening?"

She bowed. I walked away. That night I went once more to see her. She had been weeping; the letter lay on her knee.

"Such an odd relic of those foolish old times," said she.

I took her hand. "You never answered it, Hepsey," I said. "Will you answer it now?"

"After all this time?" she said.

"Yes," I said.

She said nothing, and I kissed her.

Our wedding day was a quiet one, and our lives have been quietly happy from that day to the present hour.

Glory and Taxes—Prophecy has Become History.

The following is the conclusion of a celebrated article contributed by the famous Rev. Sydney Smith, many years since, to the Edinburgh Review. What was prophecy then, is history now, and the people of the United States feel it in the increased taxation which the war has brought upon them, and which will entail taxes upon their children and their children's children to the latest generation. Speaking of the United States, the writer says:—"We can inform Jonathan what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory; taxes upon every article which enters the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot; taxes upon everything which is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell or taste; taxes upon warmth, light and locomotion; taxes on everything on earth and the waters under the earth; on everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home; taxes on the raw material, taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man; taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health; on the ermine which decorates the judge and the rope which hangs the criminal; on the poor man's salt and the rich man's spice; on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbons of the bride; at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay. The schoolboy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse with a taxed bridle on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent., into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself back on his chintz bed which has paid twenty-two per cent., makes his will on an eight pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of one hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taked from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is gathered to his fathers to be taxed no more. In addition to all this, the habit of dealing with large sums will make the Government avaricious and profuse; and the system itself will infallibly generate the base vermin of spies and informers, and still more pestilent race of political tools and retainers of the meanest and most odious description: while the prodigious patronage which the collecting of this splendid revenue will throw into the hands of the Government, will invest it with so vast an influence, and hold out such means and temptations to corruption, as all the virtue and public spirit, even of republicans, will be unable to resist."

ABYSSINAN WOMEN AND THE ENGLISH TROOPS.—Day after day (says an Abyssinian letter) chiefs come from a far distance to visit the white faces, many of whom never saw a white man before. Women shriek with delight on beholding such lovely forms clad in such strange yet rich costumes. Young girls are curious to feel the white skin of the Feringhees, and continue to come unperceived near a soldier and slyly touch him. Long beards and smooth faces are the delight of the women, who clap their hands with glee when they catch a glimpse of those men most favored by the gods.

☞ Lord Brougham outlasted some of his biographers. "For years and years," says a London correspondent, "his biography has been stowed away in the pigeon holes of the London newspaper offices. I happen to know that in one instance the man who wrote a great portion of his memoir in expectation of his lordship's death, some years ago, himself died long before the illustrious statesman, and his worn and faded manuscript was brought to light last week and placed in another hand to complete."

☞ Our old friend Lyle Givens, is sixty-four years of age and his lady fifty-four, and they had a new daughter on the 28th of May.—*Uniontown (Ky.) Appeal.*

☞ "Has the railroad got in?" asked a gentleman of an Irishman, standing at a depot, thinking to quiz him. "One ind has, sir," was Pat's reply.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
FOR
GENTLEMEN AND THEIR SONS.

Question. Which is the LARGEST Clothing House in Philadelphia?

Answer. Wanamaker & Brown's Oak Hall, at the corner of Sixth and Market streets.

Question. Which Clothing House has the BEST assortment?

Answer. Wanamaker & Brown's, Sixth and Market streets.

Question. Which is the CHEAPEST place to buy Clothing for Gents, Boys and Children?

Answer. Wanamaker & Brown's, Sixth and Market streets.

Question. Why is WANAMAKER & BROWN'S the largest Clothing House in the city?

Answer. Because it contains more rooms and covers a larger space than any other house in this line of trade in Philadelphia. Besides this, it is largest in sense of selling more goods than any other Clothing House in the city.

Question. Why do Wanamaker & Brown have the BEST assortment?

Answer. Because they always have the largest number of garments on hand for customers to make selections from, and their goods are always FRESHER, a large business keeping a steady flow of new goods to their counters all the time.

Question. Why is Wanamaker & Brown's CHEAPER than other places?

Answer. Because their system of doing business, buying in first hands, gives them great advantages, and their very large sales afford moderate profits.

Question. Do they have the goods "READY MADE," as well as lower grades?

Answer. All Qualities and Styles are kept on hand in all the sizes.

Question. Do they have BOYS' CLOTHING?

Answer. An IMMENSE assortment. They have recently added a large room on the first floor (so that parents do not have to go up stairs), and have a splendid stock of Boys' Garibaldis, Bismarcks, and every description of Children's Clothing.

Question. How can I be satisfied that all this is so?

Answer. Very easily—by simply going to Oak Hall, on the corner of Sixth and Market streets, and EXAMINING FOR YOURSELF. Messrs. Wanamaker & Brown, and their Salesmen and Clerks will treat you with the utmost politeness, whether you wish to purchase or not.

ap18-7teow

HAYTER'S CHURCH MUSIC.

A collection of psalm and hymn tunes, chants, services, anthems, &c. By A. D. Hayter, organist of Trinity Church, Boston. This volume contains a selection of the best pieces performed at Trinity Church, Boston, always noted for its fine music, during the past twenty-five years, and cannot fail to be highly prized by the musical public. Cloth $2.75; boards $2.50.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers,
277 Washington Street, Boston.
CHARLES H. DITSON & CO.,
711 Broadway, New York.

SCHOMACKER & CO.'S CELEBRATED PHILADELPHIA PIANOS are universally acknowledged the best instruments, and are taking the lead all over the land. They are more highly improved and possess a greater volume and sweetness of tone than any other Piano made. These instruments for the past thirty years have held their high reputation, and have been awarded the highest premiums at all the principal EXHIBITIONS held in the country, including the PRIZE MEDAL at the WORLD'S GREAT EXHIBITION. Our extensive facilities for manufacturing enables us to offer more liberal terms than any other first-class Piano can be sold for in this city, as the purchaser obtains the instrument direct from us (the manufacturers) and saves the profits made by the agent, who usually claims more than the maker, and, besides, has our responsibility. Our establishment is one of Philadelphia's great institutions, and we challenge the world on Pianos. If any of our citizens suppose that Pianos made in other cities are superior to our own, they may have an opportunity of testing them with any maker's Pianos they may choose to name.

We respectfully invite our friends and the public generally to call at our new and beautiful warerooms, No. 1103 CHESTNUT Street, where they can examine these highly-improved and finished instruments. Our Piano Warerooms are the finest in the United States—a richly carpeted Parlor Saloon adjoining, where an opportunity can be had to test the tone, like in the parlor of your house. We now have on exhibition the magnificent carved Piano made for one of our distinguished statesmen, and which is the most elegantly finished instrument in the world; also, a Boudoir Piano, finished in gold and ebony, and several full Grands, like those furnished to the President of the United States, and Governor Geary, of our own State. A visit to our saleerooms will be of interest to those who may favor us with a call.

SCHOMACKER PIANO-FORTE MFG. CO.,
No. 1103 CHESTNUT St., Philadelphia.
my30-3t

ESTEY'S COTTAGE ORGANS

have the FINEST TONE, more POWER, and it takes LESS MONEY to buy them than any other INSTRUMENT in the market. Great inducements offered to Sunday-schools and churches. A liberal discount made to clergymen. Send for a circular and price list.

E. M. BRUCE,
18 North Seventh Street,
Philadelphia.

mar7-tf

Eclectic Medical College of Penna.

Winter Session commences October 8, 1868. Thirty students taken for $30. No other references.

For particulars, address
JOSEPH SITES, M. D.,
514 Pine Street,
Philadelphia.

je6-13t

BOOSEY'S MUSICAL CABINET.—The cheapest collection of Modern Music in the world. Sixty books at 50 cents each. BOOSEY'S ORATORIOS and MASSES full vocal score with organ or piano-forte accompaniment 50 cents each. BOOSEY'S TUTORS and STUDIES FOR ALL INSTRUMENTS 50 cents each. To be had of all music and bookdealers, or any book mailed direct from the publishers. Catalogues free.

BOOSEY & CO.,
611 Broadway, New York.
je20-4t

GOLD! GOLD!

My GOLDEN COMPOUND will force the beard to grow on the smoothest face, or hair on the baldest head, in 21 days, in every case, thick and heavy or money refunded. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 50 cents a package, or 3 for $1. Send all money in letters to M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills. je27-4t

---

AGENTS WANTED.—"Magic Drawing Sheets." Price 10 cents. Three for 25 cents. Pamphlet containing price list and terms free. Address A. HARBER & BRO., Port Byron, Ills.

je27-4t

$10 TO $20 A DAY, SURE, and no money required in advance. Agents wanted everywhere, male or female, to sell our *Patent Everlasting White Wire Clothes Lines*. Address the AMERICAN WIRE CO., 73 William St., New York, or 16 Dearborn St., Chicago. je27-4t

---

CURLS! CURLS!—One application will curl your hair into beautiful curls and last six months in every case, or money refunded. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 50 cents a package, or three for $1. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ill. je27-4t

---

(Established 1861.)

THE GREAT AMERICAN Tea Company

RECEIVE THEIR

TEAS BY THE CARGO

FROM THE

BEST TEA DISTRICTS

of

CHINA and JAPAN,

and sell them in quantities to suit customers

AT CARGO PRICES.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of clubs. They are sold at cargo prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG (Black), 75c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₰ lb.
MIXED (Green and Black), 75c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₰ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₰ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₰ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 75c., 80c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₰ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₰ lb.
GUNPOWDER (Green), $1 25 best $1 50 ₰ lb.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction. ROASTED (Unground), 30c. 35c., best 40c. ₰ lb. GREEN (Unroasted), 25c., 30c., 35c., best 35c ₰ lb.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send a Post-office draft, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas of us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

N. B.—Inhabitants of villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third (besides the Express charges), by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are base *imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

POST-OFFICE orders and drafts make payable to the order of "The Great American Tea Company." Direct letters and orders (as below, no more, no less)

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMP'Y,
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY ST.,
Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE

OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR,

Its Causes, Character, Conduct & Results.

BY HON. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

Its ready sale, combined with an increased commission, make it the best subscription book ever published.

One agent in Easton, Pa., reports 72 subscribers in three days. Another in Boston, 103 subscribers in four days.

Send for Circulars and see our terms, and a full description of the work. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., 26 South 7th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ap18-3m

THE

Berkshire Life Insurance Co.,

PITTSFIELD, MASS.,

Offers GREATER ADVANTAGES to Policy-holders than any company in this country.

INCORPORATED A. D. 1851. CHARTER PERPETUAL.

T. F. PLUNKETT, President.
BENJ. CHICKERING, Secretary.
JACOB L. GREENE, Asst. Sec'y.

Assets	$1,000,000
Annual Income	500,000

Dividends paid annually, on the Contribution Plan, from 30 to 70 per cent.

All the profits are divided among the Policy-holders. Dividends paid to Policy-holders this year $300,000.

The BERKSHIRE was the FIRST COMPANY in the United States to make ALL of its Policies NON-FORFEITABLE.

Every Policy issued by this Company since April, A. D. 1861, is NON-FORFEITABLE, and so expressed in the Policy.

An Annual Payment Life Policy is NOT forfeited by failure to pay Premium when due, but it is continued in force under the Massachusetts Law of April, 1861.

EXAMPLE AT AGE 35.

One annual payment will continue the policy in force two years and three days.
Two annual payments will continue the policy in force four years and twelve days.
Three annual payments will continue the policy in force six years and twenty-seven days.
Four annual payments will continue the policy in force eight years and forty-six days.
Five annual payments will continue the policy in force ten years and fifty-six days.
Six annual payments will continue the policy in force twelve years and forty-one days.
Nineteen annual payments will continue the policy in force thirty years and 161 days.

All Endowment and Limited Payment Life Policies are entitled to "PAID UP NON-FORFEITABLE POLICY," after ONE Annual Premium has been paid.

WM. H. GRAVES,
General Agent and Attorney for Pennsylvania,
320 WALNUT St., Philadelphia, Pa.
W. HARRY MILLER, Special Agent.
W. H. SMITH, M. D., Medical Examiner,
feb8-1y 315 SPRUCE St., Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ AGENTS WANTED.

PRINCE & CO'S.
AUTOMATIC ORGANS
AND MELODEONS.
Forty thousand are now in use
BUFFALO, N.Y. CHICAGO, ILL.

je6-6m

$25 PER DAY.—Agents wanted, Male and Female, Local and Travelling. Business new. Steady employment. No capital required. Address REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York. jy6-1y

---

8,000 AGENTS WANTED to sell 10 NEW INVENTIONS, of great value to families; all pay great profits to agents. Send 4 stamps and get two books and a sample, gratis, and postage paid. EPHRAIM BROWN,
je20-6t Lowell, Mass.

A CLEAR, SMOOTH SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION follows the use of HELMBOLD'S CONCENTRATED EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.

It removes black spots, moth patches and all eruptions of the skin.

IN THE SPRING AND SUMMER months the system generally undergoes a change, and HELMBOLD'S HIGHLY CONCENTRATED EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA is an assistant of the greatest value.

YOUNG LADIES, BEWARE

OF THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS of Face Powders and Washes. All such remedies close up the pores of the skin, and in a short time destroy the complexion. If you would have a fresh, healthy and youthful appearance, use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.

NOT A FEW of the worst disorders that afflict mankind arise from corruption of the blood. HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT is a remedy of the utmost value.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA cleanses and renovates the blood, instils the vigor of health into the system, and purges out the humors that make diseases.

QUANTITY vs. QUALITY. HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA. The dose is small. Those who desire a large quantity and large doses of medicine, err.

THOSE WHO DESIRE BRILLIANCY OF COMPLEXION must purify and enrich the blood, which HELMBOLD'S CONCENTRATED EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA invariably does. Ask for HELMBOLD'S. Take no other.

HELMBOLD'S

HIGHLY

CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT

SARSAPARILLA

Eradicates Eruptive & Ulcerative Diseases

OF THE

THROAT, NOSE, EYELIDS, SCALP AND SKIN,

Which so disfigure the appearance, PURGING the evil effects of mercury and removing all taints, the remnants of DISEASE, hereditary or otherwise, and is taken by ADULTS and CHILDREN with perfect SAFETY.

TWO TABLE SPOONFULS of HELMBOLD'S Extract of Sarsaparilla, added to a pint of water, is equal to the Liston Diet Drink, and one bottle is equal to a gallon of the Syrup of Sarsaparilla, or the decoctions as usually made.

HELMBOLD'S

CONCENTRATED EXTRACT

BUCHU

IS THE GREAT DIURETIC.

Helmbold's Concentrated Extract

SARSAPARILLA

IS THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Both are prepared according to the rules of Pharmacy and Chemistry, and are the most active that can be made.

HELMBOLD'S

CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT

BUCHU

Is a certain cure for diseases of the
BLADDER, KIDNEYS, GRAVEL, DROPSY, ORGANIC WEAKNESS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, GENERAL DEBILITY.

If no treatment is submitted to, Consumption or Insanity may ensue. Our Flesh and Blood are supported from these sources, and the

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

and that of POSTERITY depends upon prompt use of a reliable remedy.

The Proprietor trusts that his Remedies, because advertised, may not be classed as Patent Medicines—most of which are prepared by self-styled Doctors, who, in many instances are too ignorant to read a Physician's simplest prescription, much less competent to prepare Pharmaceutical Preparations.

MY PREPARATIONS

Are prepared in vacuo from the vegetable substances named, and are the most active that can be made. Decoctions are exceedingly troublesome, and it is necessary to prepare them every day, and the syrups are still more objectionable, as they are weaker than the decoctions; for fluids saturated with sugars are susceptible of holding in solution much less attractive matter than water alone, and the syrups are otherwise objectionable, for the patient is frequently nauseated, and the stomach surfeited by the large proportion of sugar taken with each dose—which is of no use whatever—except to keep the decoction from spoiling.

Here the advantages and superiority of the Fluid Extracts are strikingly manifest.

The finest test of their superiority will be a comparison with the properties as set forth in the United States Dispensatory.

MY LABORATORY FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF FLUID EXTRACTS

Has been visited by thousands of physicians and druggists from all parts of the United States, and the mode of preparation received their unanimous commendation.

HELMBOLD'S HIGHLY CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACTS are pleasant in taste and odor, and immediate in their action.

H. T. HELMBOLD,

Druggist, of eighteen years' experience, and manufacturer of HELMBOLD'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS.

Principal Depots—HELMBOLD'S DRUG AND CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE, No 594 BROADWAY, New York, and Metropolitan Hotel; and HELMBOLD'S MEDICAL DEPOT, No. 104 SOUTH TENTH ST., Philadelphia.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Price $1 25 per bottle, or 6 for $6 50.

NONE ARE GENUINE unless done up in steel engraved wrapper, with fac-simile of my Chemical Warehouse, and signed H. T. HELMBOLD.

The proprietor was compelled to adopt such a wrapper because of the growing popularity of his articles, and to prevent spurious and dangerous counterfeiting.

my25-eowly

SHERMAN

RUPTURED PERSONS NOTIFIED.

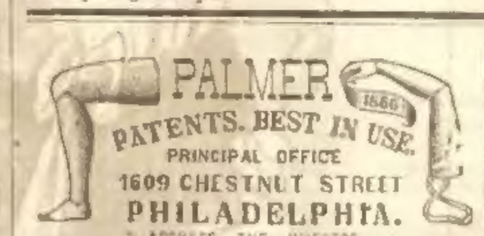
Dr. J. A. SHERMAN, Artistic Surgeon, respectfully notifies his patients, and the large number of afflicted persons who have called at his office during his absence, anxious to receive the aid of his experience, that he has returned from his professional visit to Havana, and will be prepared to receive them at his office, No. 697 Broadway.

Dr. SHERMAN'S Inventions are the only established, secure, and comfortable radical curatives for Hernia, or Rupture, in all its varied forms and stages, in persons of every age, without regard to the duration of the disease.

Dr. SHERMAN is the founder of the "Marado Grande," Havana, Cuba, established several years since for the treatment, by his method, of this most terrible of all human afflictions, where, from the good result of his personal attention, the afflicted, rather than trust themselves to the care of his pupils, await his periodical visits.

Descriptive circulars, with photographic likenesses of cases cured, and other particulars, mailed on receipt of two postage stamps.

je6-1y



DR. B. FRANK. PALMER, PRES'T A. A. LIMB C'T

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK: also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to Dr. PALMER, as above directed.

oct29-1y

AGENTS WANTED for the WEARING OF THE GREEN, or Sketches of Irish Character. The greatest book published. Its contents are deeply interesting and should be **carefully read** by every one. The immense demand for this great work stamps it the most successful book out. It is decidedly the **book for the times.** It fully illustrates **Old Ireland,** and abounds in **Romance, Incident** and **Wit,** showing the **Patriotism** and **Devotion,** the **Truth** and **Fervor** of that warm-hearted people; containing 400 pages, over 100 illustrations. Bound in cloth, green and gold. Price $3. Agents wanted everywhere. Exclusive territory given. Send for circular and terms. WILLIAM FLINT, Publisher, No. 26 South Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa. my9-2m

---

WANTED—AGENTS—$75 to $200 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only $18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay $1000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay agents from $75 to $200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address SECOMB & CO., PITTSBURG, PA., or BOSTON, MASS.

CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured. je6-4t

---

R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-cowly

---

A SUBSTITUTE FOR SARATOGA WATERS. COOLING, REFRESHING AND PLEASANT CITRATE OF MAGNESIA. In 6 oz. bottles—in powder. This Magnesia is a mild purgative and aperient, very acceptable to the stomach for sick head-ache, sour or sick stomach, and all febrile cases. For sale by FRENCH RICHARDS & CO., and most druggists. Prepared by ARTHUR ROGERS, 193 Spring St., New York. my 2-3m

---

$30,000 FOR A FORTUNE.—Every Young Lady or Gentleman who has any desire to accumulate wealth, can have 32 pages of desirable information, and terms to Agents free, by addressing WOOD & CO., Vernon, N. Jersey. my16-6m

---

CORNS BUNIONS, BAD NAILS, etc., cured by Dr. J. Briggs, 208 Broadway, cor. Fulton. *Briggs' Curative*, a reliable remedy. Sold everywhere. By mail, 60 c. and $1 20.

CATARRH HEADACHE, NEURALGIA RHEUMATISM, &c. cured by *BRIGGS' Alleviator* a reliable remedy. Sold everywhere. 50c. & $1. Samples free by Express. Dr. J. BRIGGS & Co. 208 Broadway N. Y. je6-1y

---

THIS IS NO HUMBUG!—By sending 30 cents, and stamp, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O. Drawer No. 40, Fultonville, New York. my2-17t

---

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN EMPLOYED. Picture business. Very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures and Catalogues sent for 20 cents, twice as many 50 cents. MANSON LANG, 94 Columbia St., New York City. my30-6m

---

SPANISH CURLING CREAM.—An exquisite pomade for Curling straight Hair into wavy ringlets or massive curls. *Warranted.* Mailed for $1. Address J. JENNISON, Box 5374 P. O., New York. je20-3m

---

THE ORIGINAL

ONE DOLLAR BROKER STORE.

FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE OF MAY 2.

To the Editors of the New York Tribune:

GENTLEMEN:—We have this day received from S. R. Niles, Esq., Newspaper Advertising Agent, of this city, a letter from your establishment, making some inquiries as to the manner in which our business is conducted. To your inquiries we respond as follows:—That our business is not a gift enterprise concern; that we are engaged in a legitimate, straightforward business, and do not deviate from the plan as advertised in our circular. In order to satisfy you as to the nature and extent of our business, we give you a statement of our sales for November, 1867.

Amount of sales for November, 1867, according to sworn returns made to the United States assessor, $104,711, (*one hundred and four thousand seven hundred and eleven dollars.*) Numbers of orders received by mail and express, 7050—in sums varying from $1 to $200. The orders were received from, and the goods sent in return to, places all the way from the "Hub" to Nebraska, including the village of New York. We also give you a list of some of the articles SOLD BY US for one dollar during the month of November, as taken from our books:

1497 Pieces Brown and Bleached Sheeting, average 45 yards to a piece, retail price 10 cts. per yard.
56 Wool Long Shawls.
59 Pairs Wool Blankets.
215 Dozen Worsted Breakfast Shawls, retail price $2.
20 Cashmere Long Shawls.
172 Pairs Gents' Calf Boots.
5 Pieces of Wool Carpeting, 20 yards each.
11 Pieces Black Silk, 14 yards each.
48 Silver Hunting-case Watches.
1126 Wool Square Shawls.
1404 Pieces of Hemp Carpeting, 25 yards each.
5 Silver-plated Tea Services of 6 pieces each.
1476 Silver-plated Castors.
1493 White Quilts.

If additional proof is desired as to the equitable manner in which we fulfil our promises, and of the satisfaction given our patrons thereby, we shall gladly furnish reference to those who have received these goods from us. In the month of September, 1867, we made a contract for 1000 dozen Breakfast Shawls, to be delivered in such quantities as we might wish them. These shawls are the same quality of goods as those sold by jobbers at wholesale for $15 a dozen; and when sold at retail have been sold in Boston and New York at $2 each. By taking so large a quantity we obtained them at a price which permits us to sell them at $1 each, and leaves us a small profit. Every article we offer for sale is obtained in a similar manner. In domestics our house absorbs the *entire production* of one factory.

But we think we have offered evidence enough to convince you that our patrons do obtain dollar for dollar for every article purchased from us.

ANDREWS & CO.,
Nos. 104 and 106 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.
☞ We will send circulars to any address.
je13-4t

2,500,000 Customers in Four Years.

PATRONIZE THE BEST.

Having the largest capital, most experienced buyers, and extensive trade of any concern in the Dollar Sale business, we

GUARANTEE SATISFACTION

in every instance, and also the *best* selection of Goods ever offered at

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

No other concern has any show wherever our Agents are selling. Our motto, "Prompt and Reliable." Male and female agents wanted in city and country.

THE LADIES

Are particularly requested to try our popular club system of selling all kinds of DRY AND FANCY GOODS, DRESS PATTERNS, COTTON CLOTH, CASTORS, SILVER PLATED GOODS, WATCHES, &c. (Established 1864.) A patent pen fountain and a check describing an article to be sold for a dollar, 10 cts.; 20 for $2; 40 for $4; 60 for $6; 100 for $10: sent by mail. Free presents to getter up, (*worth 50 per cent. more than those sent by any other concern.*) according to size of club. Send us a trial club, or if not do not fail to send for a circular.

N. B.—Our sale should not be classed with New York dollar jewelry sales or bogus "Tea Companies," as it is nothing of the sort.

EASTMAN & KENDALL,
my23-2m 465 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.

GREAT SALE

OF

DRY GOODS, CARPETINGS, BOOTS AND SHOES, SILVER-PLATED WARE

OF ALL KINDS,

ALBUMS,

And a variety of valuable and useful articles for sale at

ONE DOLLAR FOR EACH ARTICLE.

A check, describing an article selected from our stock for sale at One Dollar, will be sent on the receipt of Three Cents to pay postage.

No charge for Schedules or Checks made at this establishment.

Send for circulars, as this is the most liberal sale of the kind in the country. Address

FARNHAM & CO.,
je13-4t No. 24 Friend St., Boston, Mass.

BELLS.

TROY BELL FOUNDRY.

CHURCH BELLS,

Chimes and Bells of all Sizes for

Churches, Factories, Academies, Steamboats, Plantations, Locomotives, &c.

Made of Pure Bell Metal,

(Copper and Tin.)

HUNG WITH PATENT ROTARY MOUNTINGS, THE BEST IN USE.

FULLY WARRANTED.

FOR CIRCULARS ADDRESS,
JONES & CO., Troy, N. Y.

aug30-1y

$10 TO $20 A DAY GUARANTEED.

GOOD AGENTS wanted to introduce our new STAR SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE—*Stitch alike on both sides.* The only first class, low priced machine in the market. WE WILL CONSIGN MACHINES to responsible parties AND EMPLOY ENERGETIC AGENTS ON A SALARY. Full particulars and sample work furnished on application. Address W. G. WILSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio; Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

my23-13t

---

500 PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS of the most celebrated personages of the age, mailed for 10 cents. Address BLACKIE & CO., 746 Broadway, New York. my16-6m

---

$10 A DAY FOR ALL.—Stencil Tool Samples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt. je13-4t

WIT AND HUMOR.

YE SERENADE AT MIDNIGHTTE.

Ye mayden looked from her lattyce
On ye troubadors below,
As they stood a tuning their voyces,
At midnightte, in a row.

In a row beneath her lattyce,
With ye tenor at ye head—
A pallyd youth with yellow hair,
Who had ought to have been in bed.

And now ye viols sounded,
And ye flute on ye midnightte air;
And dysmal noyses went wailing out
From hym of ye yellow hair.

He called her hys sun, hys light, hys star,
And lykened her to ye moon;
And ye viols and flute and light guitar
Took up and echoed ye tune.

And ye longer he sung ye louder
Hys voice was pytched, and higher;
He clasped his hands where his heart should be,
And, in verse, swore he was on fyre.

Then ye mayden smyled a pensive smyle
And went to her lyttle stand,
And appeared in whyte at ye lattyce
With an ewer in her hand.

Then ye troubadors grew frantic!
And fiercer ye music grew!
But onto their heads ye contents
She very deftly threw.

Ye fyre was quenched! and ye tumult
Was over, and all was styll;
And naught was seen of ye mynstrels
But their coat tayles over ye hill!

Couldn't Find the Verdict.

A friend of ours sends us the following, and vouches for the truth of the statement:

At a recent session of one of the courts in South Carolina, an entire negro jury was empanneled. A case was brought before them—the witnesses examined, and the attorneys made their respective arguments. The judge, after laying down the law and recapitulating the testimony, gave the papers into the hands of the foreman, an intelligent-looking darkey, with instructions that as soon as they found a verdict, to bring it in without delay.

Thirty minutes or more elapsed, when the jury returned, headed by the foreman, and stood before the judge.

As the foreman appeared to hesitate, the judge inquired—

"Mr. Foreman, have you found a verdict?"

"No, Massa Judge, we haben't found 'em," replied the ebony juryman.

"It's a very plain case," said the judge.

"Can't help it, massa, couldn't see it," replied ebony again.

"On what grounds?" inquired the judge.

"We didn't look into de grounds, Massa Judge," replied the foreman; "de ossifer didn't take us out into de grounds, but he took us into a room an' locked us in, an' tole us when we found de verdict he would leff us out. So we began to find de verdict, an' searched every nook, corner, crebis, an' ebery ting der was in dat room, but we foun' no verdict—no noffin ob de kine dar."
—*Richland Banner.*

A Masonic Pin.

A good story is told of a confident individual, evidently well "read up" in the mysteries, who applied at the outer reception-room of a Boston Masonic Lodge for admission. An eminent brother, who was quietly sitting there, but who made no sign that he was anybody, requested the stranger to be seated, and he would send in for proper persons to examine the credentials of the visitor.

"O, it's no matter about that; I'm all right," said the applicant, making sundry extraordinary passes with his hands, and contortions of visage.

"That may be, but I think they always examine strangers who desire to visit the lodge," said the attending brother.

"Well, I'm ready for 'em," said the visitor, confidently.

"Glad to hear it—that is quite an elaborate breastpin you have there," said the other, looking with some interest at a big gilt letter G, which the visitor had conspicuously displayed upon his shirt bosom.

"Ya-as, that's a Masonic pin," replied the wearer, swelling out his breast.

"Indeed! Letter G—well, I suppose you know what that means?"

"O, yes—certainly—letter G—*stands for Jerusalem*—a sorter headquarters of us Masons, you know."

The querist didn't know it, and the applicant, it is almost unnecessary to state, did not get any further into the lodge.—*Com. Bulletin.*

BOTTLING HIM UP.—Of Elliott, Tuckerman tells this very amusing anecdote. It seems the jovial artist was painting some divine, who felt it incumbent upon him to give the painter a moral lecture during one of his sittings. Somewhat in awe of the artist, he began rather nervously; but as Elliott painted away without any sign of annoyance, he gathered courage as he proceeded, and finally administed a pretty good sermon. He paused for a reply, and confessed afterward that he never felt so insignificant in his life as when the artist, with the urbane but positive authority of his profession, merely said: "Turn your head a little to the right, and shut your mouth."

HOW SHE MANAGED HIM.—A married lady gave a social entertainment to a party of female acquaintances, and while regaling them with accounts of a recent journey, a tremendous thumping was heard proceeding from the garret. "What's that noise?" exclaimed one. "Oh, nothing unusual. Don't be at all alarmed, my dear friends; it's only my husband. You see he persists in staying out very late every evening, and I thought I would keep him in for once, so I got him to examine an imaginary leak in our roof, and while up there fastened the scuttle door; that's all."

A VERY talkative little girl used often to annoy her mother by making remarks about visitors that came to the house. On one occasion a gentleman was expected whose nose had been accidentally flattened nearly to his face. The mother cautioned the child to say nothing about this feature. Imagine her consternation when the little one suddenly exclaimed: "Ma, you told me to say nothing about Mr. Smith's nose. Why, he hasn't got any!"

LAST NEW THING IN SKIRTS.

AUNT (slightly shocked).—"Why, child, all your clothes are falling off!"
LAURA.—"Oh, dear, no, aunty; it's the fashion!"

Sold for Ten Dollars.

Our friend C———, says a Southern contemporary, is a neat, taper fellow, standing about four feet two in his stockings—a natural poet and a first-rate fellow—but he was sold, badly sold, and that, too, by a "white man." You must know that we have many a day here when not a solitary customer is about to keep the storekeepers busy. As a consequence, in order to destroy the monotony and ennui, many a sell is got up to create an excitement. C——— was ready to do anything to make dull time pay.

"Well, C———, I'll give you a chance to make ten dollars."

"How?" asked C———.

"Well, you're good at running; you're good bottom, and the time is just the thing. If you will run as far as Hill's warehouse, at the foot of the hill and back again, and never stop, you shall have ten dollars."

"Good as wheat! I am your man!" says C———. "The distance is only about two hundred yards, and my wind is good for three times the distance."

"Well, pitch in, and make an honest X."

Off starts C——— at a 2:40 pace down the hill, all the clerks and storekeepers running out to see what was in the wind. The quiz soon spread, and our "little stud" was encouraged on his route. "Who laughs last laughs best," was the racer's thought. Now he reaches the turning post and back he comes. Cheers greet him on every side, but the thought of ten dollars, made so easy, wreaths his face in smiles. He arrives at his starting-point, *stops*, and claims the purse with a glow of pride and exultation.

"You haven't won it!" says our wag.

"How's that?"

"Why, you have *stopped;* and the money was yours only in case you *never* stopped!"

C———'s eyes opened wide. 'Twas no use to get mad; the thing was too rich, and the laugh was against him. He took it in good part, and our wag, to make all things right, stood treat.

Maiden Aunts.

Some of the nearest approaches to the perfection of a woman's nature have been made by maiden aunts. And they reach this high eminence without brushing off the bloom of their modesty by ostentatious displays of their self-sacrifices. They pursue their high calling without noise, almost without being aware that they are moving in an exalted sphere. Their thought is not of spectators. They ask not the acclamations of the world. Their eye is not intent upon their reward. In their work they find their motive and their wages. They live in their sympathies, and walk in the sunshine of their own broadly-diffused love. Perhaps this is one reason, moreover, why maiden aunts, if they have fairly cultivated their own minds, are so interesting in social life. They have generally at their command a fund of disengaged feeling which they are ready to bestow upon affairs outside their own circle. The habit of caring for what is not especially their own prompts them to give a livelier heed to what is passing around them. They often acquire a relish for affairs which their married sisters delegate entirely to their husbands, brothers, or sons. They take a more vivacious interest in what concerns the well-being of society, in books and systems, in public movements and events, in matters of art and taste, in knowledge of persons and things beyond domestic limits. As companions they commonly possess a much wider area over which thought and sympathy can be elicited in conversation, are less reserved, less pre-occupied, less engrossed by immediate and urgent responsibilities. Their unconcentrated affections are at liberty for present exercise and momentary enjoyment, and, like diffused warmth, can make their genial influences felt over an extended surface. We look upon maiden-auntship as a blessed institution, and were all who enter it worthy of it, society would give it pre-eminent honor and distinction.

THE SEA SHELL.

You stopped and picked up a wreath'd shell,
Beside the shining sea;
"This little shell, when I am gone,
Will whisper still of me."
I kissed your hands upon the sands,
For you were kind to me.

I hold the shell against my ear,
And hear its hollow roar;
It speaks to me about the sea,
But speaks of you no more!
I pace the sands and wring my hands,
For you are kind no more!

☞ In San Francisco, the servant girls are said to receive such high wages that many of them invest their savings in real estate, and are owners of town lots.

SNOW-WHITE DOVE O' MY HEART.

Oh, birdie, birdie! from heaven winged down!
Oh, snow-white dove o' my heart!
Why, when hither you flit, must the storm-clouds frown,
And why must we nestle apart?
I see the snares of the fowler lie low,
And the shafts of the archer that fall:
Oh, birdie, birdie! my heart is woe
That I can not shield you from all!

Shall I see your plumage of frosted snow
All dabbled with blot and stain?
Shall I see the dear crimson life-blood flow,
And stretch my poor hands in vain?
Shall I live for that day, that cruel day,
When the hope, with the fear, is o'er—
When the wings are broken and down in the clay,
And my love-mate comes no more?

Go, birdie, and sing at the gates of the morn
A prayer that the Master will hear—
That the power may be given, from arrow and thorn
To shelter a breast so dear!
For where will I turn and what will I do,
Oh, snow-white dove o' my heart!
When the hope proves false and the fear proves true,
And forever we shiver apart?

Wonders of a Worm.

The next time you go out on your morning or evening ramble, if you chance to see a worm in your path, do not kick it aside nor step over it; but take it from the ground and lay it on the palm of your hand; and as it tries to crawl away you will experience a slight sensation of roughness on your skin. If you take a pocket lens, and examine carefully the under side of the worm's belly, you will perceive several rows of fine sharp hooks, extending from one end to the other, each annulated division (for the worm's body is, as you doubtless know, composed of rings) being furnished with four pairs of these hooks, which are situated upon small protuberances on the creature's skin. These minute hooks cause the rough sensation alluded to; and that portion of the body on which they are placed corresponds to the abdomen of the higher animals, the hooks themselves being nothing more nor less than rudimentary feet to aid the worm in its progress.

"It has, perhaps, never occurred to you to inquire how it is, when you endeavor to draw a worm from the earth, that it can offer such resistance to your efforts as almost to necessitate your taking it in two before you can extract it; and why, as soon as you relax your hold, it disappears with such rapidity under the soil. These hooks are the cause; and they are retractile at the will of the animal, and operate so as not to impede its onward progress: but when a portion of its body is once extended, and has penetrated into the soil, they keep it firmly fixed, whilst the remaining part is drawn after it by muscular contraction.

Disagreeable Women.

A disagreeable woman is like a vacuum; there is no place for her in nature. She is a parody upon herself. If there is a touch of beauty about her, she gives those she meets the sort of shock one would feel on taking what appears to be wine, and is in reality vinegar. Fortunately she very seldom is beautiful, in the true sense of the word. Nature does not lend itself to shams. It is pitilessly exacting. Sweetness of face *must* result from sweetness of disposition. The face is not a mask, but a mirror. It reveals everything with terrible ingenuousness. Amiability is not to be simulated to the observant eye. You cannot stamp the marks, the lines, the flowing curves of the agreeable on your face, unless you have the quality in your breast. For this reason the disagreeable woman is never really beautiful. Her features at their best remind you of etchings; the effects have been "bit in" by acids. The forms of the disagreeable in woman are infinite, but the effect of all is the same. In place of attraction there is repulsion. In place of love, pity,—if not scorn. In place of happiness, sour discontent. The disagreeable woman is irksome to every created thing, including herself. There is positively only one way to deal with her—turn her into a joke. In that way she may be made tolerable, like the Frenchman's slippers; useless as slippers, but just available as the basis of a ragout.

☞ BE KIND TO YOUR MOTHER.—"What would I give," said Charles Lamb, "to call my dear mother back to earth for a single day, to ask her pardon, upon my knees, for all those acts by which I grieved her gentle spirit."

AGRICULTURAL.

Fruit Trees.

1. When fruit trees occupy the ground, nothing else should—except very short grass.
2. Fruitfulness and growth of the tree cannot be expected the same year.
3. There is no plum that the curculio will not take, though any kind may sometimes escape for one year in one place.
4. Peach borers will not do much damage when stiff clay is heaped up round the tree a foot high.
5. Pear blight still puzzles the greatest men. The best remedy known is to plant two for every one that dies.
6. If you don't know how to prune, don't hire a man from the other side of the sea that knows less than you do.
7. Don't cut off a big lower limb unless you are a renter, and don't care what becomes of the tree when your time is out.
8. A tree with the limbs coming out near the ground is worth two trees trimmed up five feet, and worth four trees trimmed up ten feet, and so on till they are not worth anything.
9. Trim down, not up.
10. Shorten in, not lengthen up.
11. If you had your arm cut off, you would feel it to your heart—a tree will not feel, but rot to the heart.
12. When anybody tells you of a gardener that understands all about horticulture and agriculture, and that he can be hired, don't believe a word of it, for there are no such to be hired. Such a man can make more than you can afford to give him, and if he has sense enough to understand the business, he will also have sense enough to know this.

Sow Corn for Fodder.

Dairymen should remember that sowed corn, as a fall feed for milch cows, has received the endorsement of the majority of the profession for years. It is grown with the greatest ease, and yields most profusely. It is rich, succulent, and consequently just the thing for cows at the time when pastures begin to fail in the fall. It may be sown either broadcast or in drills. The common varieties are usually sown, but at the Belvidere Convention sweet corn was very highly spoken of. There is no doubt it yields the richest food. The next best is probably some variety of the flint corn. Cut and well cured before frost, there is no better winter fodder, and there is nothing that can be produced more profitably. All kinds of stock will eat it with avidity. A dairy farm at the east without its patch of sowed corn is an exception. Western dairymen will find full as much need for fall feed, and we know of nothing better to recommend to their notice. Sow from two to three bushels of corn per acre, if broadcast, and cover with the cultivator.—*Prairie Farmer.*

The American Horse.

The horse was not a native of this country. He came originally from various parts of Asia and Africa. Large herds of horses in a wild state are sometimes seen in the southern parts of Siberia.

The horses of South America are of Spanish origin, of the Andalusian breed, and have descended from horses brought over by the early adventurers from Spain. They have multiplied so fast that they are often seen in large herds, consisting often of many thousands.

The horse has been domesticated, and in this state is found in almost every part of the civilized globe. He was known as a domesticated animal from the earliest times of recorded history, and is often spoken of by the writers of the Bible in a way to indicate the exceedingly high estimate in which he was held in ancient times.

A REMARKABLE YIELD OF HONEY.—It is reported that a bee raiser in Windham, Me., during two months and a half of 1867, obtained four hundred and forty-eight pounds of honey from two swarms of bees. The youngest swarm made thirty-five pounds in three weeks during September, which is considered a bountiful yield for the season.

AN intelligent correspondent of the Country Gentleman says he is milking some cows that are not stabled, or are, at least, partly exposed, and that every cold spell of weather has checked the flow of milk at least one-fifth, and that the full quantity would not again be reached.

RECEIPTS.

GOOSEBERRY JAM.—Stalk and crop as many as you require of ripe, red, rough gooseberries; put them into the preserving-pan, and as they warm, stir and bruise them to bring out the juice. Let them boil for ten minutes, then add sugar in the proportion of three-quarters of a pound to every pound of fruit, and place it on the fire again; let it boil slowly, and continue boiling for two hours longer, stirring it all the time to prevent its burning. When it thickens, and is jelly-like on a plate when cold, it is done enough. Put it into pots, and allow it to remain a day before it is covered.

USES OF THE POTATO.—In France the farina is largely used for culinary purposes. The famed gravies, sauces and soups of France are generally indebted for their excellence to that source, and its bread and pastry equally so; while a great deal of the so-called Cognac imported from France is the produce of the potato. Throughout Germany, the same uses are common; and in Poland the manufacture of spirits from the potato is a most extensive trade. "Stettin brandy," well known in commerce, is largely imported into England, and is sent thence into many foreign countries as the produce of the grape, and is placed on many a table as the same; while the fair ladies of our country perfume themselves with the spirit of potato, under the designation of *Eau de Cologne.* But there are other uses to which this esculent is turned abroad. After extracting the farina, the pulp is manufactured into ornamental articles, such as picture-frames, snuff-boxes, and several descriptions of toys; and the water which runs from it in the process of manufacture is a most valuable scourer. For perfectly cleansing woollens, and such like articles, it is the housewife's panacea; and if the washerwoman happens to have chilblains she becomes perfectly cured by the operation.

TO PRESERVE BUTTER.—Take good, sweet, June butter, work the buttermilk carefully out; then add a handful of salt to a pound of butter; pack a good layer of butter in your stone jar, then a layer of salt; repeat until the jar is full; then place a good weight on top, and stand in a good cool place; cover with brine, to bear an egg.

THE RIDDLER.

Rebus.

A land that is classed amongst coldest of lands,
A bird that inhabits the drear burning sands;
A dread field of battle where thousands lay dead,
A goddess transformed, we oft see overhead;
A fabulous monster who put forth her riddles,
A nymph who delighted to caper to fiddles;
A tetrarch of Jewry who cruel was found,
A nymph who for love dwindled off to a sound;
An element dearer to us than all others,
An object beloved and cherished by mothers;
A monarch for cruel oppression renowned,
A river near Eden—that once hallowed ground;
A place where the good after death were to go,
A mountain in Thrace always covered with snow;
A spot where the pilgrim his burning brow cools,
A creature despised by wise men and fools;
A bright constellation we sometimes behold,
A being much given to striving for gold;
A famous lawgiver who judges below,
A valuable tree which in deserts doth grow;
A plant which to ruins most lovingly clings,
A bird that when dying its sweetest song sings;
A brave Roman hero through treachery slain,
A friend to the prophets whom Ahab had ta'en;
A grandson of Neptune for wisdom renowned,
A people of Rhodes whom Jupiter drowned;
A town in Ionia by Amazons built,
One turned to a beast to atone for his guilt;
A region below where the guilty do dwell,
An imago ('tis said) uttered sounds like a bell;
A mount in Armenia conspicuous is shown,
One who for his firmness to lions was thrown;
An emblem of Liberty seen in the sky,
Those trained for the pleasure of tyrants to die;
A brave Grecian youth by the Persians slain,
A mountain whose top ne'er was sprinkled with rain;
A river in Italy whose crossing brought woe,
An insolent beggar by Ulysses laid low;
A powerful god of the sea we behold,
The son of Laertes, most just, wise and bold;
A fabulous stream which meanders below,
A country to which Russian exiles did go;
The order which forced these exiles away,
A terrible monster which Theseus did slay;
A damsel of Crete who was changed to a bee,
A son of old Neptune who was thrown in the sea;
Two children who into the Tiber were thrown,
A giant who under Mount Etna lies prone;
The name by which Christmas was known in lang syne,
A daughter of Jupiter, one of the nine;
A horrible serpent by Hercules slain,
A Balearic island belonging to Spain;
A damsel of Lesbos whose love was disdained,
A queen of Assyria who honors obtained;
A queen for whom Hercules laid down his club,
A Syrian ruler whom Severus did drub;
A mountain in Thessaly where centaurs did dwell,
A deity inhabiting forest and dell;
The time we are given to improve the mind,
The time when life's reapers get ready to bind;
The one thing essential to fit us to die,
Those who gather around when the last hour is nigh.

The initials of the above form the first sentence in a celebrated play.

W. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.

Problem.

We have a falling leaf table, 3 feet 3 inches long, from the middle of one end to a corner on the opposite end is 3 feet 10 inches when the leaves are spread, and from the middle of one side to a corner on the opposite side is 2 feet 8 inches when the leaves are folded. Required—the width of one leaf. JOSEPH S. PHEBUS.
Nebraska City, Nebraska.
☞ An answer is requested.

Probability Problem.

If a person throws 5 dice, what is the chance that he will turn up an odd number of aces? ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ We believe the following to be the worst conundrum extant:—When is water like a rearing horse hitched to a post? Ans.—When it's tide and risen.

☞ If a man is home sick how can he be home-sick?

☞ What is the difference between a special constable and a superannuated constable? Ans.—The former's sworn in, the latter's worn out.

☞ What is it that by losing an eye has nothing left but a nose? Ans.—A noise.

Answers to Last.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—"United we stand, divided we fall." METAGRAM—Pen, hen, pan, pet.

Answer to MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA in Post of May 23d—"'Tis woman alone through whom God's blessings are vouchsafed to a house."

SOUP.—That mode of boiling which yields the best soup, gives the driest, toughest and most vapid meat; and in order to obtain well-flavored and eatable meat, we must relinquish the idea of making good soup from it. To give to the flesh the qualities which best fit it for being eaten, we should introduce it into the boiler when the water is in a state of brisk ebullition, keep up the boiling for a few minutes, and then place the pot in a warm place where the temperature can be kept at 168 to 165 degrees. (The temperature of boiling water is 212 degrees.) On the other hand, if the meat is set on the fire with cold water, and this slowly heated to boiling, it undergoes a loss of soluble and savory matters, while the soup becomes richer in these. To obtain the very strongest and best flavored soup, we should chop the meat finely, slowly heat it to boiling with an equal weight of water, keep it boiling for a few minutes, and then strain out the meat, pressing it as we do so. If the boiling be longer continued, the flavor and other properties of the soup are in no degree increased or improved.